WEEK ENDING DEC. 13 1924

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Liberty

A Weekly for Everybody

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-Leslie Thrasher-
24

In this Issue:

NOT EVEN PROFITEERS SAFE *in the* **NEXT WAR** *By* WILLIAM G. SHEPHERD

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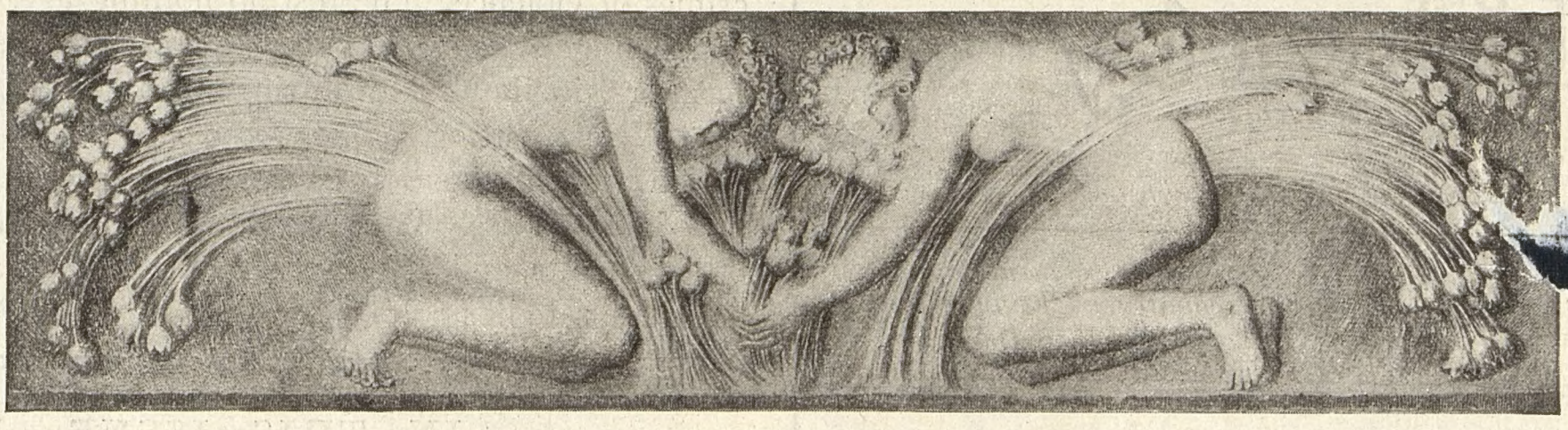

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DEC. 13, 1924

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A Weekly for Everybody

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"Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations may she always be in the right; but our country, right or wrong."
—Stephen Decatur.

WHY MURDER THRIVES IN AMERICA.

A resident of the United States runs about seventeen times more risk of being murdered in cold blood than a resident of England or Wales.

In 1906 there were as many murders in the United States as in all Europe, excepting Russia. In that year there were in Germany four murders per million of inhabitants; in the British Isles, eight per million; in the United States, 118 per million. That comparison seems like passing from civilization to barbarism. The year taken was before the Great War which we are told brutalized humanity, but in 1919 there were nine murders per million in Great Britain, thirteen per million in Canada, and in the city of Chicago 110 per million. Chicago has a high crime record, but we have already quoted the national ratio between these countries as a whole.

What does it mean? Are Americans, compared to Germans, Englishmen, or even our near neighbors, the Canadians, a cruel and violent race? No one who knows the United States and its people would assert that. There is no more kindly, generous, and humane people on earth than the American. Violence is sometimes the results of misery, suffering, oppression, despair. But these are not the conditions of American life. Why then our discreditable record of serious crime, especially murder?

"The great deterrent to the taking of life in England," says an investigator, "is swiftness and sureness of justice and the gallows as a maximum penalty." In the United States punishment is slow, often evaded, often mild in proportion to the offense committed. The machinery of criminal justice is too slow, too slack, too weak.

That prevents justice from being feared, but it is an effect rather than a cause. The cause of ineffective law lies in lack of a public opinion which sternly deprecates violence and unflinchingly demands punishment for crime.

We lack that opinion. We show an extraordinary complaisance toward the prevalence of murder and other forms of criminal violence while at the same time we are constantly multiplying laws which declare some act or conduct which is not violent and not in a moral sense crime, to be crime. We are defining new crimes in business, in normal private conduct, and we are directing far more energy to this legislation and to its enforcement than we do to grappling with real crimes, with offenses of violence inherently evil. In the city of Chicago, whose high murder record we have cited, there are several law enforcement organizations, but only one which concerns itself with crimes of violence. The rest do nothing against this overshadowing evil. They are interested in social misdemeanors, in liquor law infringements, or gambling.

We are getting so busy regulating one another's habits which we disapprove that we have no interest in the security of human life. We are busy making crimes of one another's habits, and crime is becoming a national habit. The homicide rate has doubled in twenty years.

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IN OUR NEXT ISSUE

Liberty's All-American Football Team!

N. J. FLATLEY

FOOTBALL fans, attention! Liberty's next issue contains an All-American selection that is new—a selection made by an editorial board of experts representing the leading football regions. The experts are *Eddie Mahan,* Harvard's All-American half back of 1914 and 1915, for the East; *Walter Eckersall,* Chicago's phenomenal All-American quarter back of 1904, 1905, and 1906, for the Middle West; and *Harold "Brick" Muller,* the University of California's All-American end in 1921 and 1922, on the Pacific Coast. Each one has named the cream of his region; and then *N. J. Flatley,* noted Boston sports writer, as arbiter, has selected eleven men for premier honors. Watch for Liberty's All-American team!

Irving Berlin, the newsboy and singing waiter who became the author of hundreds of popular songs, is the hero of a picturesque article called *Up from Nickel Kicking,* by *Walter Davenport.*

Sheer Romance, with a denizen of the far north woods confronting for the first time the might of New York, is to be found in a whimsical story by *Richard Connell,* entitled *The Great Unopen Spaces.*

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NOT EVEN PROFITEERS SAFE *in the* NEXT WAR

By William G. Shepherd

Airplanes and gas can be carried on submarines or flat-decked aviation ships and sent into the air 100 miles from shore to attack shore and inland cities.

William G. Shepherd, the noted war correspondent and author, has gone to official European and American records and has conferred with military experts in the War Department at Washington for the facts which he sets forth in this article about aerial gas warfare of the future. Every conclusion is based on facts recognized by military men.

Behind Mr. Shepherd's article is the cry of the United States War Department for more interest in America in aviation.

Mr. Shepherd does not attack or criticize France in this article; he uses her as an example because she is known to possess more airplanes than any other nation.

"THE NEXT war in Europe starts off, not where the last one finished, with men in the trenches, BUT AT A POINT WHICH NO ONE IN THE LAST WAR DARED TO REACH . . . with a poison gas attack on some great European city. And no one in that city will know that war is on until this attack with poison gas from the sky has been made. With the streets and homes . . . littered with tens and, perhaps, hundreds of thousands of dead, the world will know that war has been declared." This, in brief, is Mr. Shepherd's dread picture of the aerial-chemical warfare of the future.

Pictures by HANSON BOOTH

I.

THIS is to serve notice that this writer does not desire or intend to hire out as a correspondent in the next war in Europe.

Up to now, what with Mexico and Russia, a little of Balkan affairs, and the Great War—some seven years in all of war—the man who is writing this feels that he has seen war, ugly as it is, at its mildest. He doesn't want to travel across the Atlantic to see it any wilder.

The thing that is being cooked up by experts in Europe at this moment is something for everybody to stay away from unless duty calls him as a soldier. The next contest between nations across the Atlantic will be an insult even to the dogs of war.

I've gotten down toward bedrock on what Europeans are getting ready to do to each other in case of war. After what I've learned I don't want to be present when they do it. Cities will be cleaned of human beings as thoroughly as shirts were cleaned of cooties in 1918. And in somewhat the same fashion.

In the first place, the European war planners are practically throwing the old forms of war into the discard. When you analyze the war departments of the nations of Europe with a knowledge of how war departments are formed and operated, you discover that two new branches have taken the lead over all others.

These are the branches of aviation and chemical warfare.

The best young minds in European militarism—and this goes for the smallest as well as the largest nations of Europe—are devoted to these two subjects. The old boys among the generals are trying to adapt their old theories of fighting to the new poison gas methods.

There is a suspicious separation of the two branches. Chemical warfare men in European war offices take the greatest pains not to appear to be working with the aviation experts.

No nation in Europe has dared openly to consolidate these two departments; to do this

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIVE]

would be to admit that that nation was preparing the annihilation of certain portions of mankind.

But the moment a conflict breaks out between nations these two departments, in all the armies of Europe, will unite instantly like two drops of silver mercury.

AND then let the whole world look out! Cyclones, earthquakes, volcanoes, tidal waves, famines, plagues—no upheaval of nature can be as terrible as chemical warfare from the skies.

Europe is getting ready for wholesale aerial chemical warfare.

What the nations of Europe are already prepared to do to each other in the way of dropping poison gas from the skies is almost too terrible for even the Old World diplomats to contemplate.

Aerial chemical warfare is the ghost at every diplomatic council table in Europe. Every diplomat knows the horror that his own nation is able to wreak on another, and he knows the horror that another nation might wreak on his.

There are military experts who say today that it is only the possibility of having to engage in aerial chemical warfare that has prevented military clashes between certain nations in Europe. Each nation is afraid to start it.

An instance of this fact is the preparation of the British, well known in foreign war offices, for using gas shells and gas bombs fired from guns against the Turks while the Kemalists were holding some of the British forces as hostages two years after the armistice. The Turks avoided this by avoiding war with England.

The Great War ended, indeed, with the nations ready to drop poison gases from airplanes. But it is a fact, which has been established in all the war offices of the fighting nations, that no side resorted to aerial chemical warfare, no poison gas bombs were dropped by either side, though gas was shot in shells.

No one dared to start it, though if the war had continued there is no doubt that it would have passed into an aerial chemical contest, with battleships, cannon, rifles, and ordinary soldiers thrown into the discard, as antiquated and useless as bows and arrows or Chinese stinkpots. Explosive aerial bomb and incendiary aerial bomb—that was as far as any of the war offices dared to go in the Great War.

The next war in Europe starts off not where the last one finished, with men in the trenches, but at a point which no one in the last war dared to reach.

Taking all the preparations for war, as experts see them in Europe, and all the plans for future military effort, this fact is undeniable:

The next war in Europe will start off with a poison gas attack on some great European city. And no one in that city will know that war is on until this attack with poison gas from the sky has been made.

There will be no written declaration of war; the indescribable attack itself will be the declaration of war.

With the streets and homes, cellars and subways, houses and business buildings of some great city filled with gasping, twisting, choking men, women, and children or littered with tens and perhaps hundreds of thousands of dead, the world will know that war has been declared.

There'll be no "Business as usual" after the next European war has been started.

An instance of what France CAN do to Great Britain today—though I do not, of course, say that she wants to do it or that she ever will do it—will show the stage that warfare has reached in the European war offices. I am only saying that France has the POWER and MEANS to do what I shall describe. Though the other nations are perhaps less powerful in this respect, they nevertheless are prepared to carry out, on a lesser scale, the annihilation of cities and people.

The real test of French military power today, or of any other nation's power at war, for that matter, is not measured in terms of men, and how long these men can fight and endure hardship or how far they can march or be transported in a given space of time. Amazing as it may seem, men and man power are out of the picture in European war. A small nation, by this new European game, might, conceivably, paralyze a great nation for a time.

The supreme test of French military power is how many tons of weight it can carry through the air to any given capital or industrial center in Europe with its present equipment of airplanes and soldiers of aviation. Tonnage through the air—that's the military yardstick of Europe today.

AND what could France do—if she wanted to?

France is known to have at least two thousand five hundred airplanes in active peace time service at present, with perhaps four thousand eight hundred training and other planes in reserve. Five different types of the French machines can fly at a speed greater than one hundred and fifty miles an hour. London is an easy one hour's flight from the coast side of France.

The French, in case of war, could use at least two thousand planes for dropping tonnage on London. Grant each plane a load of five hundred pounds of solid or liquid gas. This is a very light load. France has types of airplanes that can carry a ton or a ton and half. Two thousand planes, each carrying a quarter ton, could drop five hundred tons of gaseous material on London at a given time.

What would five hundred tons of mustard gas, for instance, do to London?

Our War Office at Washington has given publicity to an estimate that thirty tons of mustard gas will render one square mile of territory uninhabitable. Thus over sixteen and a half square miles in the heart of London could be covered with death and denied to human beings.

The heart of the British Empire, including the Bank of England, Parliament, Buckingham Palace, the War Office, and the Admiralty, is contained within four square miles. It would be only one-fourth of the job of this swarm of airplanes to silence and paralyze Britain at one stroke at its very nerve center.

Of course, there is not enough room in four square miles of sky for a swarm of two thousand airplanes, all flying at the same level; if they did not fly at the same level they would be dropping gas on one another. This would make it necessary for the giant flight to be divided into different squadrons operating over different sections of the six hundred and ninety-three square mile area of London and perhaps at different hours during the day.

IT is certain that, for several hours at least, until the British planes could take to the sky in large numbers, the French could send airplanes over London at the rate of two hundred and fifty an hour. This would mean dropping sixty-two and one-half tons an hour, or slightly over one ton a minute, on the city.

With the helicopter planes which England, France, and Italy are trying to develop, a flyer could stand still in the air over a certain point in a city until he could literally soak a spot with poisoned rain and then fly away to safety.

It would not be necessary for every acre of London to be drenched with poison. The flyers might poison railroad yards, docks, the subways, warehouses, and the main streets and such intersections as the circles at Piccadilly, Regent, and Holborn.

They might lay a network of poisoned streets over London, penning whole communities in their own neighborhoods either to starve in houses or fight through the gas areas to the open country. A gas mask for every human being, even for babies in their cribs, would be the only approach to safety. The cellars, which are something of a protection against explosive bombs, would be the deadliest part of homes, because the heavy gas would sink to the lowest part of the house.

All of this could be done in at least two hours in case of massed attack. If the enemy chose to use a less deadly gas—tear gas, for instance—it could affect the entire city of London with six hundred tons of liquid material.

I have, on the advice of experts, cut down the possible carrying weight of the French planes for a gruesome reason. The less an airplane carries the higher it can fly. Carrying full weight, say a ton, the French machine might not rise higher than one mile. This is not high enough. Twenty thousand feet or more is the level at which planes should fly in such warfare. And at that level an airplane can rarely be either seen or heard.

Military men in Europe are counting on

The Rt. Hon. Winston Churchill Asks:

Shall We Commit Suicide?

WINSTON CHURCHILL, Great Britain's new chancellor of the exchequer, in an article in Pall Mall, describing the next war as "the suicide of the human race," says:

"Had the Germans retained their morale, they would have been assaulted in the summer of 1919 with forces and by methods incomparably more prodigious than any yet employed.

"Thousands of airplanes would have shattered their cities. Scores of thousands of cannon would have blasted their front. Arrangements were made to carry simultaneously a quarter of a million men with all their requirements continuously forward across country for fifteen miles each day.

"Poison gases of incredible malignity, against which only a secret mask was proof, would have stifled all resistance and paralyzed all life on the hostile front.

"As for poison gas and chemical warfare in all its forms, only the first chapter has been written of a terrible book. A study of disease—of pestilences methodically prepared and deliberately launched upon man and beast—is certainly being pursued in the laboratories of more than one great country.

"Blight to destroy crops, anthrax to slay horses and cattle, plague to poison not armies only, but whole districts—such are the lines along which military science is remorselessly advancing."

making sudden, silent, and invisible attack.

Consider this:

London would have no warning! She would know that France had declared war by suddenly having hundreds of tons of poison spotted over her eight million people.

Why would France, or any of the other European nations, in case of war, do this terrible thing secretly and silently, without warning or advance notice? The answer is simple and it shows this new form of war in all its ghastly light. France would be forced to do it secretly or not at all.

There is no adequate known defense against aerial warfare except airplanes. I have heard ordnance men and coast guard defense men and aerial defense experts talk about the power of their guns against airplanes, but such conversation is usually intended for securing Congressional appropriations.

Birdshot—that's the best that the biggest and finest of aerial defense guns can send into the sky. Shooting at geese that cannot be seen and that cannot be heard, hitting one by the merest chance of blind shooting—the most ardent hunter wants better odds of winging his game than that. And yet those are the odds of aerial defense guns everywhere in the war departments of the world today against twenty thousand foot airplanes.

The only defense against aerial warfare is an airplane offense.

GET TO YOUR ENEMY'S CAPITAL WITH YOUR TONNAGE AND PARALYZE IT BEFORE HE GETS TO YOURS. THAT'S THE FIRST PRINCIPLE OF AERIAL WARFARE TODAY.

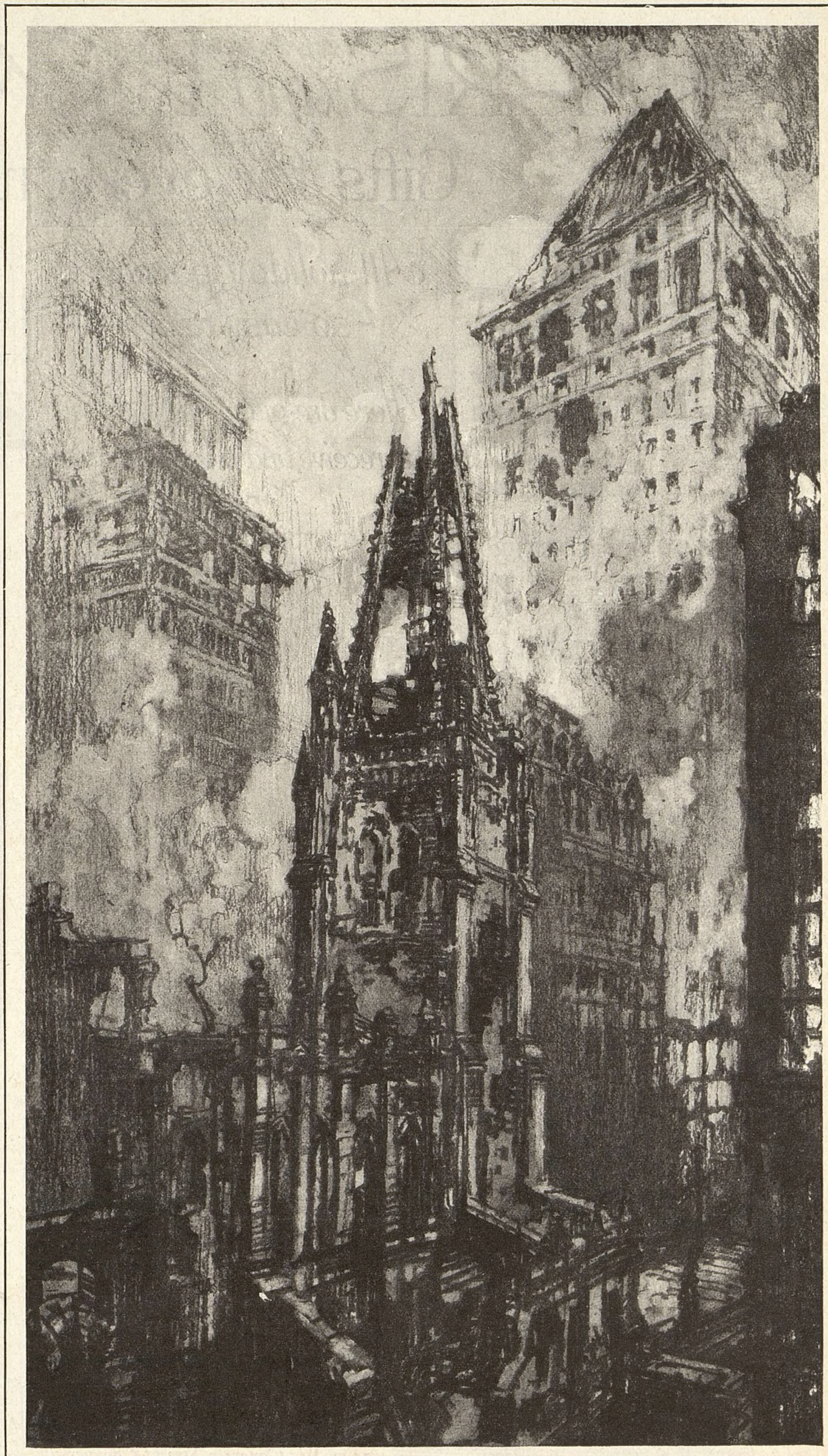
The nation that gives advance warning of its purpose to fight in the next war in Europe will be inviting the annihilation of its own capital from the air. You've got to start first in aerial warfare or get terribly whipped.

To end the war in an hour or a day, to paralyze an enemy's war office so that it cannot act as the nerve center of its armies and its airplanes, to destroy utterly the offices of the navy department so that, no matter how many great ships it may have on the seas, these ships will find themselves without orders or directions, helpless because there is no man left alive at the admiralty to direct their movements—that will be one of the chief purposes of the next war. That would necessarily be the purpose of France in case of war with England, or of England in case of war with France.

The only defense the enemy will have will be either to fill the sky with airplanes after the unexpected havoc has been wrought and engage in aerial "dog fights" to bring down the enemy planes, or to dash off to the enemy's capital and double the world's horror by literally killing that city and depriving the fighting forces of the enemy nation of leadership from the nation's capital.

I HAVE spoken of tonnage. Tonnage of what? In the various answers to this question lies utter horror.

We have seen that France, at a minimum, could drop five hundred tons within the space of perhaps two hours on the city of London. Five hundred tons of what France could drop on London would fill that city with casualty. It might bring death to thousands and perhaps millions of people. I am not going to try to draw a picture of what might happen in London. This is no Jules Verne story of what man may some day be able to do. It is a literal story of what France today CAN do, and of what other European nations are trying to make themselves able to do. If you want the picture of the choking, dying sufferers of London, try to paint it yourself; I cannot.



Citizens cannot expect to be exempt from attack in the next war.

But I can help you with facts—official facts.

There are arguments among experts in chemical warfare as to whether or not it would be best to kill a whole city full of people.

There is "C. N.," or chloracetophenol, for instance; that's tear gas. It doesn't kill. At first certain types of tear gas smell like violets—the sweetest English violets. Ask any doughboy who ever sniffed it if it isn't sweet at first. But after a few minutes of exposure

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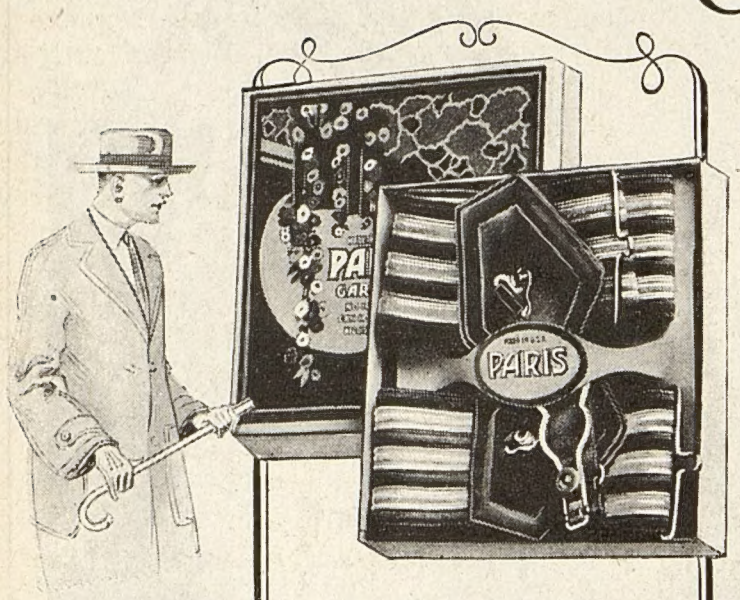
PARIS *and* HICKORY

Gifts for everyone



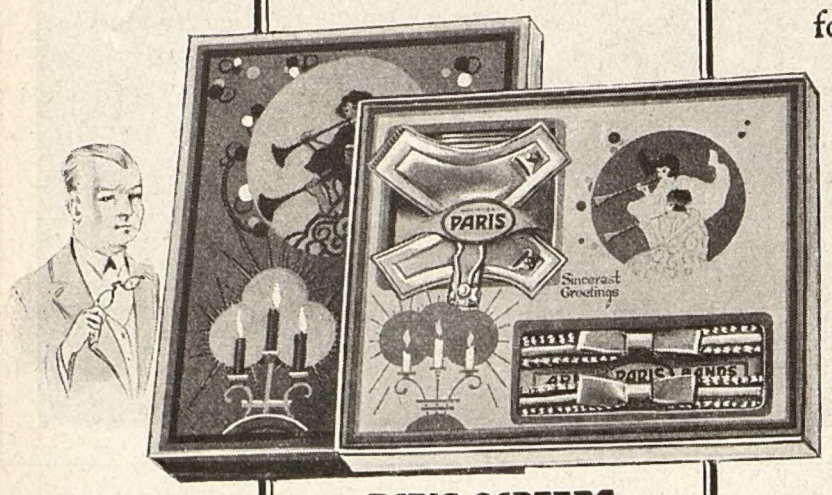
PARIS GARTERS

No metal can touch you

Super-quality Wideweave silk with regimental white stripes in a variety of colors that men like, $1.00. Others at 35c, 50c and 75c, including gift box.

PARIS GARTERS and Sport Belt Set

PARIS Wideweave Garters and silk sport belt in striped combination colors to match the garters. Belt length adjustable. Tan or black leather strap and gilt buckle. The set, including gift box, $2.00. Others at $3.00.



PARIS GARTERS and Arm Band Set

A pair of PARIS satin shield Garters and PARIS silk Arm Bands to match. Full range of colors. The set, including gift box, 50c. Others at 75c, $1.00 and $1.25.

All holiday packaged – so easy to buy

Here are gifts you'll be glad to receive and pleased to give

For Baby

The HICKORY Baby Set (the first illustration at the right) is a happy thought for the little ones—bless their hearts! A pretty gift for babies that mothers will appreciate.

For Mother, Sister or Friend

For Mother, Sister or Friend, the combination HICKORY Tea Apron and Garter Set is useful and very chic. Also the HICKORY Ribbon Garters, individually packaged, make a dainty gift. Today's styles make them necessary as well as ornamental. Illustrated at the right.

For "Him"

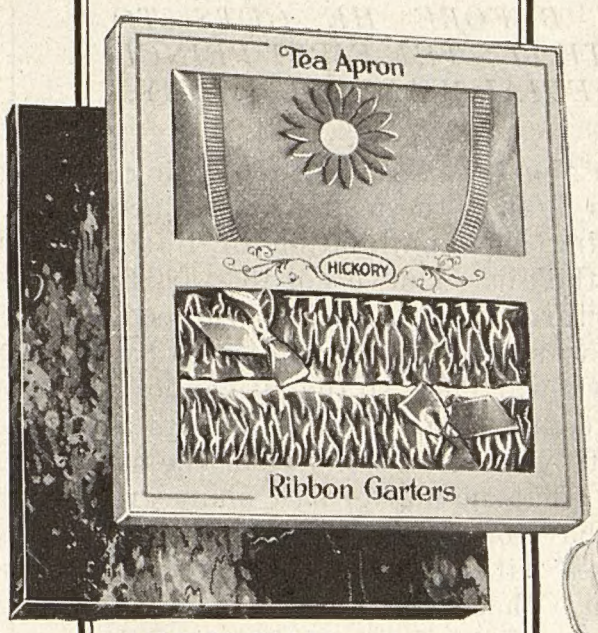
For Dad, Brother, Friend or Business Acquaintance, the items listed at the left have a particularly strong appeal. There are PARIS Garters, packed individually, which make a mighty welcome gift. Men folk can always use a fresh pair of garters. Then, the PARIS Garter and Sport Belt Combination Set is something out of the ordinary for men fond of outdoor life. The PARIS Garter and PARIS Arm Band Set makes an appreciated remembrance for men of all ages.

You should find all of these gifts at your dealer's. If not, send us your order with remittance and your dealer's name. You'll receive prompt service by addressing:

Mrs. Ruth Stone,
c/o A. Stein & Company,
1143 W. Congress Street, Chicago, Ill.

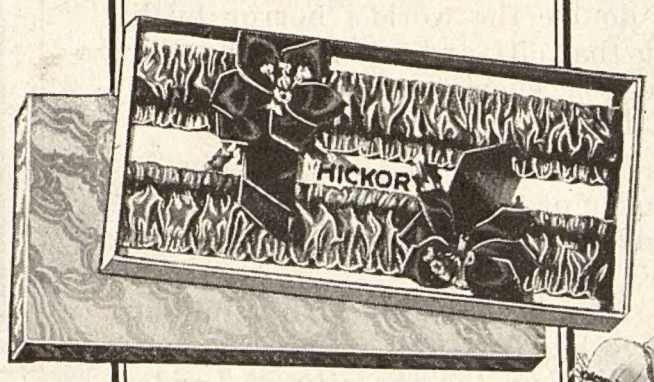
HICKORY Baby Set

HICKORY live rubber Baby Pants; Para rubber Bib and cunning Baby Garters, ribbon trimmed. Pink or blue combination. In Mother Goose Holiday Gift Box, $1.00.



HICKORY Tea Apron and Garter Set

Dainty Rubber Apron has scalloped edge and handkerchief pocket, in contrasting colors. Shirred Satin Ribbon Garters with bow ornaments in colors to match. The set, including gift box, $1.50. Others at $1.25, $2.25 and $2.50.



HICKORY Ribbon Garters

Two, three and four tone ribbon in pastel shades, beautifully blended. Handmade French flower and ribbon ornaments. The pair illustrated, including gift box, $1.00. Others at $1.25, $1.50, $1.75 and $2.00.

A. STEIN & COMPANY

CHICAGO TORONTO NEW YORK

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE SEVEN]

it knocks its victim helpless. It attacks the nerves of the eyes and the membrane in the throat and lungs.

It is not necessarily a killing gas. It gives you a chance to run away. If the victim can get away he may recover from the effects within half an hour or an hour. If he cannot escape he may die from choking, as he might die from too much smoke in an unventilated room.

Tear gas, sprayed, dropped, or distributed by explosive powder in bombs at the rate of a ton to every one thousand acres in London, would not drench the city, but would stop all movements. Official records which I have seen show that in open terrain the effective period of tear gas is one hour; in woods, brush, building interiors, or streets its effective period is one day.

Experts believe tear gas would be too mild for aerial attacks on cities.

But there is a brombenzylcyanide. That's also a tear gas, but it is more persistent than the other. It hugs the ground closely. For three days it remains where it is put in the open fields. For seven days it would lie in the streets and highways of London, making them impassable. In the subways and in the deepest cellars—for all of these gases sink—it would remain for many days thereafter.

This gas would make London uninhabitable, except for those with gas masks, for over a week. It would drive the workers from the factories where war supplies are made; it would empty the shipyards for a week. It would sink into the deepest coal mines and barricade coal against human hands as completely as it was barricaded against French miners by the water which the Germans turned into the mines at Lens.

OR there is a gas that might not kill but that would set all of London to vomiting and sneezing and coughing for five days or more. Diphenylaminechlorasine, the chemists call it. Ordinary gas masks cannot resist it. You could not expect much work or fighting from anyone in London who had sniffed this gas. It means bed for a week, with an inexhaustible nausea and an almost unendurable headache. It would render London utterly helpless.

There's mustard gas. All London could wear gas masks and still suffer from mustard gas. Five hundred tons of that sprayed on London by two thousand airplanes would make the city uninhabitable for months. Mustard gas burns the flesh, even through the clothes. It may take three months for ordinary burns of its making to heal. They are first degree burns like those caused by fire on flesh. With too much of a burn the mustard gas victim dies, because the heart is driven at too high speed to try to drive blood to the burnt area and form new skin.

Everything in London would be untouchable after a bath of mustard gas. No one could be sure, for weeks or even months, after such a baptism, that the next thing he touched would not burn him like a red hot iron and scar or cripple him for life, if not kill him in the midst of excruciating pain.

Mustard gas would empty London, but, so experts say, it would make it as dangerous for the conqueror as for the conquered.

White phosphorus is the deadly machine gun fire of the chemical aviator. It creates a heavy smoke, and it not only causes flames where it strikes but it eats like fire into human flesh.

Then there's the poison of the Lewisite type. "Wash your hands every fifteen minutes"—that's the order given to the begloved and well protected workers in laboratories where this poison is prepared. That's a killing poison. It burns its way down through the flesh to where blood flows. It is a poison for the blood. The arsenic which it sends into the blood goes directly to the heart.

Eight drops kill like a bolt. A laboratory expert, in a test of this type of poison, placed one small drop of the poison on the back of his hand. Quick as a flash the drop was washed away, but what was left created a terrible burn and arsenic poisoning.

Poison of the Lewisite type would fill a city with dead. But that would be insanitary, military experts say. It would be difficult to occupy a city whose houses and streets and buildings were littered with corpses.

Just now, at this writing, the thought of the military men with whom I have talked is to avoid killing by wholesale in aerial chemical warfare. Some of the military experts point out that some of the milder gases which would empty a city might be far more humane and far more effective than the old-fashioned high explosive bombs or incendiary bombs which were dropped on cities during the Great War.

Other experts disagree. They say the purpose of the new war will be to force the enemy's population to demand peace; if the first attacks are made terrible enough the enemy's population may demand peace even before the enemy can begin to fight.

There you are. Experts disagree, to some extent, about how to use poison gas from airplanes, but they do not disagree as to whether it shall be used in some form or other. And that'll make the new war.

II.

WILL there be a front in the next war in Europe? Oh, yes! Certainly. But it won't be in the same place as it was in the late war. The front in the next war will be the front doors—and all the rest of the doors and the windows in European homes.

When father starts off to the next war he will kiss the family at the "front" and will paddle off to safety in the "rear" in the open fields, where poison gas spreads out and doesn't accumulate and hang on as it does in cities. The family won't kiss father good-by in the next war in Europe; father had better kiss them good-by. Even if there are trenches and if father does go into them to meet with shot and shell he'll be better off than the family.

And so I say, not in levity but in all sincerity, that, having discovered something about what the next war will be like, I am forever through with being a European war correspondent. Only a very young fool or a very damn fool would hire out to go to a war like that.

And, oh, yes! about us in the United States. What has this new type of war done for us?

I DON'T want to rake up old scores of the Great War, but there is on record in the War Department in Washington a report made by Major William N. Hensley Jr. of our air forces.

In Berlin, after the armistice, where he was stationed, he met a smiling, upstanding young German who had been honored with the command of a new Zeppelin which was being built. This young German and his crew were all ready to take charge of the ship as soon as it was finished. The name of this Zeppelin was the L-72; the duty of this young commander and his crew was to fly to New York and drop four and one-half tons of explosives on the city.

There is no doubt about this; it is a matter of official record in Washington and Berlin. The young German told Major Hensley all about it; showed him plans and showed him the airship and its machinery. Its cruising radius was ninety-five hundred miles—easily a round trip from Hamburg to New York. It carried nine thousand pounds of explosives.

"I shuddered when I saw how close we had come to having it as a visitor," Major Hensley reported to the War Department.

The armistice came three days before the ship was finished.

It might easily have visited New York while Trinity's chimes were ringing on the Christmas eve of 1918, if the war had not ended.

There were nothing but explosives in those German bombs; we didn't know as much about poison gas then as we do now. Four and a half tons of the poison gas that we know today would have killed thousands of people in New York. Oh, yes! We come in on this new warfare, all right.

Airplanes and gas can be carried on submarines or flat-decked aviation ships and sent into the air one hundred miles from shore to attack shore or inland cities. Or poison gas in liquid form can be squirted from a raised nozzle on a submarine.

Ten years ago I thrilled to the snap of

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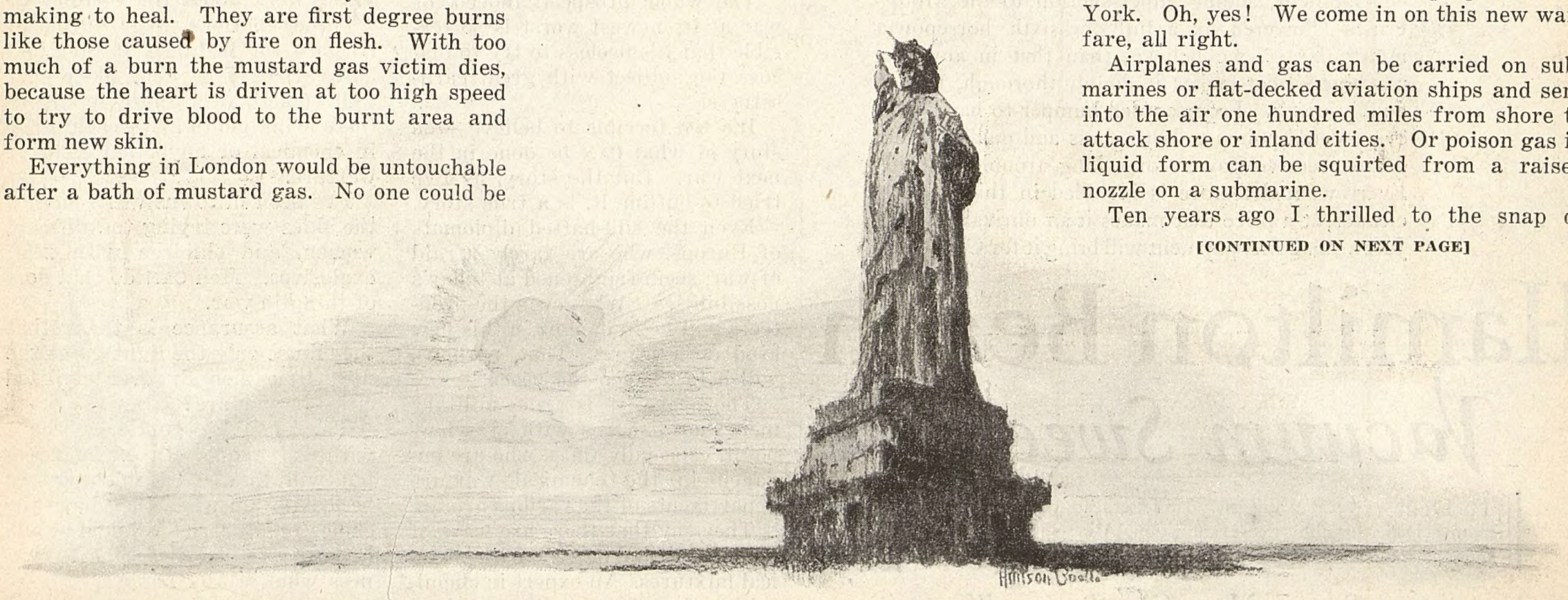

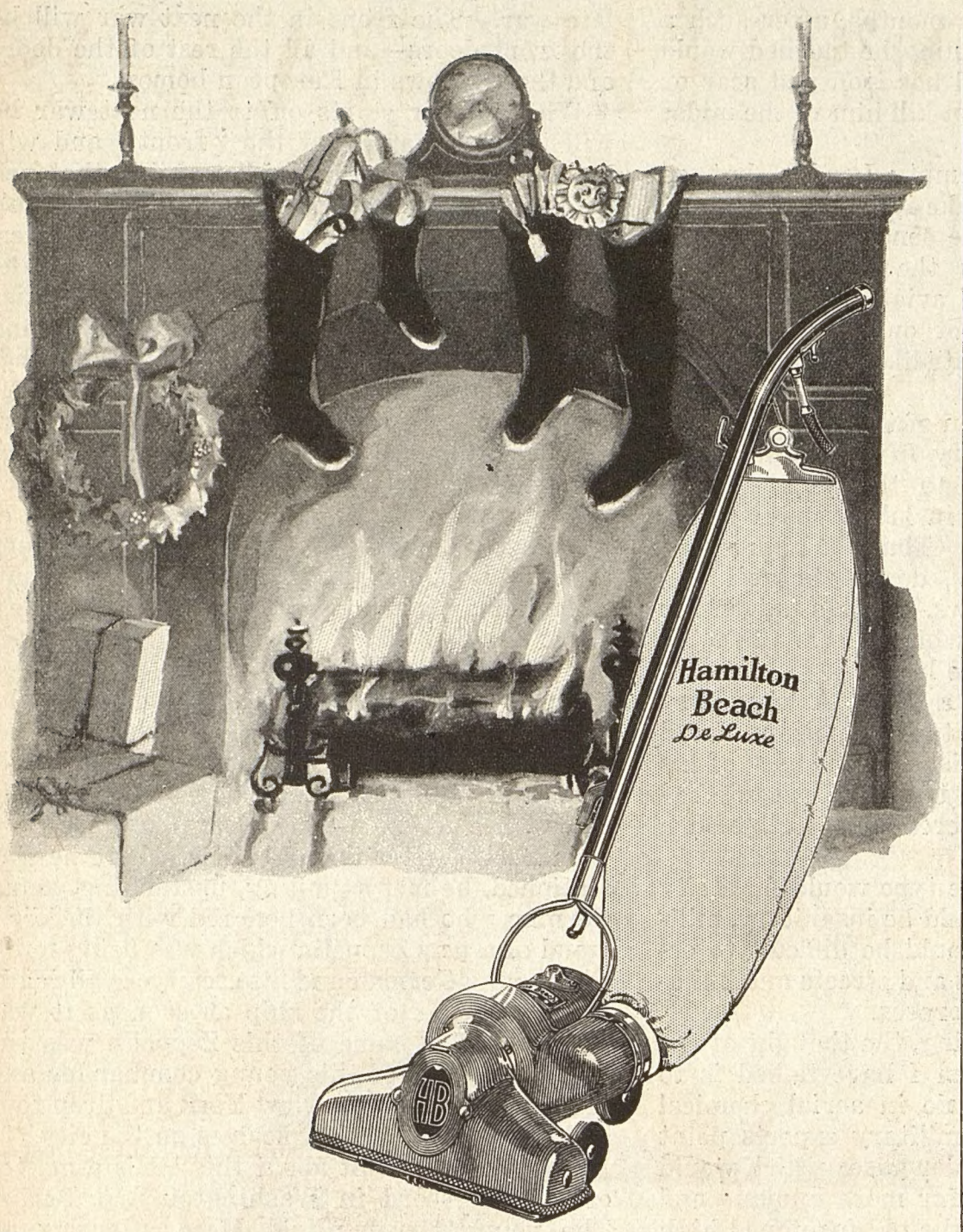

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINE]

rifle shots and machine gun crackling in the streets of Vera Cruz. It took two days to seize that little town. Less than a dozen soldiers, I believe, lost their lives, but several hundred Mexican home folk, men, women, and children, were slain.

We would *not* need to take Vera Cruz that way today. There would be no need of shooting on our part. We would not, in all probability, use airplanes either.

A battleship or a submarine might stand off in the harbor and wait for a shoreward wind. With the right wind a gas would be placed on the water. The wind would do the rest. Vera Cruz would be evacuated, without a doubt. Masked marines could occupy it without trouble, and a mustard gas zone, spread around the town through the forests and swamps, would keep the city safe from attack by any except air soldiers.

There's plenty of chance for the navy to use poison gas. Here's one instance: Today, so chemical warfare experts say, the greatest fleet in the world can be scattered from its home harbor by dropping gas on the harbor waters and harbor buildings and landings. Scapa Flow, the Kiel Canal, the harbor at Hamburg—any sheltering place of fighting ships can be filled with death, they say, by an airplane in the sky. Concentration of fleets in protected harbors is a thing of the past; battleships must keep separated and must keep moving.

ALL of this gas I have mentioned destroys food and renders water undrinkable. That's a fact I'd like to finish with. After you've drawn yourself a picture of thousands of sickened, if not dead, victims of poison gas, go on a bit further and picture deaths that might come by hunger and thirst.

In fact, go as far as you can; you won't be able to go far enough.

The whole prospect, indeed, of war at its newest worst is so terrible that it's useless to try to discuss the subject with great earnestness.

It's too terrible to believe—the story of what CAN be done in the next war. But the story, as I've tried to outline it, is a true story.

Even the silk-hatted diplomats of Europe, who are rarely afraid of war, seem frightened at today's possibilities. Why, even the profiteers will be in danger in this new kind of fighting. That, perhaps, will help to keep the peace.

There are, it is true, military men who disagree with my viewpoint, especially those who are engaged in the chemical warfare departments of the various armies.

They say that there are ways of being KIND and GENTLE with chemical mixtures. An expert in chemical warfare has kindly examined my article up to this point. After reading it he says that he thinks chemical warfare soldiers have more chances to be kind, and still get results, than other soldiers have.

"The total number of casualties from all causes in the American Army in the World War," writes this expert, "was 274,217. Of these 74,779, or 27.3 per cent, were due to gas. Of the gas casualties only 1,400, or 1.87 per cent, died; of the remaining 199,438 casualties which resulted from shell fire, bullets, bayonets, etc., 46,659, or 23.4 per cent, died. Says the Surgeon General of the Army, gas is twelve times as humane as bullets and high explosives; if a man is gassed on the battlefield he has twelve times as many chances to recover as if he had been struck by bullets or high explosives.

"Citizens cannot expect to be exempt from attack in the next war, since civilians not only form the policies which cause wars but lend to the actual fighting by their preparations of shells, etc., but if we can enforce our will in any future combat with the very minimum of killing, either of soldiers or civilians, with the very minimum of destruction, our position as victors will be far better than that in which France finds herself today in comparison with Germany.

"I believe in the inevitability of war, but I also believe that the recent developments have tended far more greatly toward its humanization than its barbarity.

"I grant you that the possibilities for destruction and killing exist; but I believe that the military forces obsessed with such ideas must give way to the newer forms of warfare which can impose the will of one nation on another with the very minimum of killing and destruction."

We won't be any rougher than necessary; that's the promise of America's soldiery.

BUT what about the soldiery of other nations—of European nations, for instance, if their old hates arise? They don't like others well enough over there to insure their being gentle with each other in chemical or any other kind of warfare.

I've been in towns when men in the skies were trying to kill men, women, and children with high explosives. Men CAN do that sort of thing in war.

What assurance is there that they'll use only the light gases the next time men fly over civilized cities in warfare?

They can be gentler perhaps with gas than with explosives—but will they? I don't want to be looking on when they have the choice of gases. I think it would be easier to be killed than to witness what MIGHT happen.

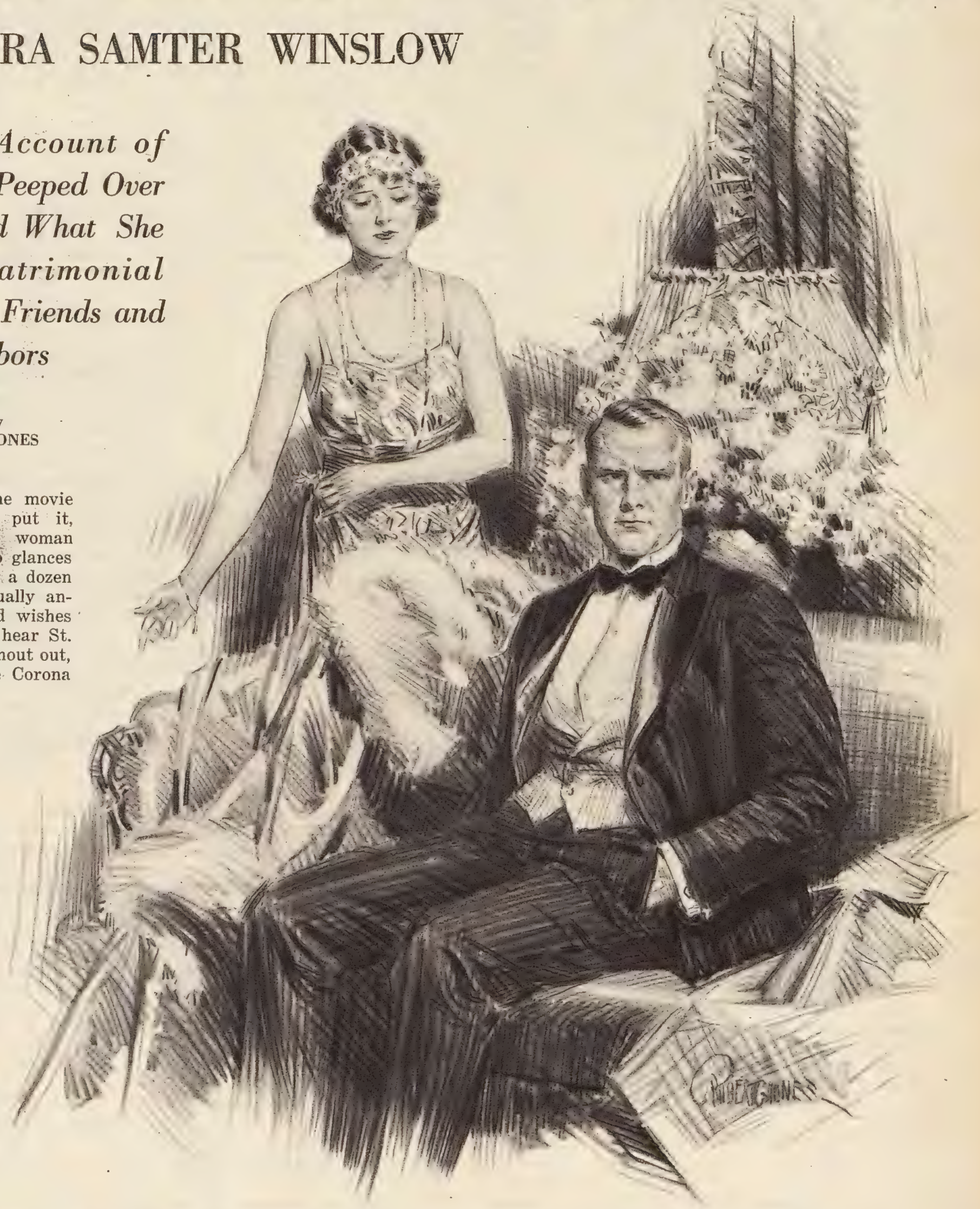
THE END

Other Women's Husbands

By THYRA SAMTER WINSLOW

A Sprightly Account of How a Wife Peeped Over the Fence and What She Saw in the Matrimonial Fields of Her Friends and Neighbors

Pictures By
ROBERT G. JONES



"My dear, did you notice Paul Parlortrick's shirt? It was just as smooth as glass. Heaven knows you put on dinner clothes often enough to know how to wear them."

"COMES a day," as the movie captions so prettily put it, when each married woman looks around a bit, gives two glances at her own husband and half a dozen glances at another man—usually another woman's husband—and wishes a bell would ring and she'd hear St. Peter or some other worthy shout out, "Change"—no, not for the Corona Subway, but—"Husbands!"

It isn't that her own husband has any great faults. Certainly not. He isn't staying out nights, breaking too many social laws or forgetting to put money in the bank. He isn't drinking any more than he has been ever since he found the new bootlegger and that his former acquaintance but now intimate friend Riggins has a real wine cellar. He doesn't beat her nor does he "carry on" to any great extent with other women. No, he's quite all right—for a husband.

Indeed, at the exact moment that the Little Married Woman is wishing some mysterious bell would ring so she could pass on to Timothy Jones, a certain Mrs. Jimmy Brown probably is wishing the same bell would ring so that *she* could annex one Little Married Woman's husband.

Yes, just as you often can capture a man by sticking close to the home grounds, this same propinquity, after you are married, frequently has a lot to do with giving Romance a knockout blow. So—here is a secret for you. I gained it after careful psychological research into many domestic situations and after much conversation with many husbands. In fact, I might even say that in one or two cases my investigations were made so carefully and I put my heart into my work to such an extent there was just the slightest suspicion that perhaps—well, you know how things are—one has to sacrifice much to one's art.

The great secret I have in store for you is this—and there doesn't seem to be any use holding out another paragraph:

YOUR OWN HUSBAND ISN'T SO BAD!

There! This applies, of course, only if you are married and are of the gender to have a husband. Of course, I may not know your husband—I did not make my investigation nation-wide. But I did my best. I looked around quite a bit. I watched husbands. And, too, I happen to have one of my own, to say nothing of—there I go again!

You may think your husband is perfectly awful. I have no doubt he is—at times. But compare him with other husbands. I think you will find out that your own husband really

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isn't so terrible. Of course, when we marry, each of us does the best she can. I don't mean that we go about getting married as if it were a business proposition—(don't we, though!)—for often we allow Romance to creep in. Especially, we allow the man to get Romantic.

We usually do not marry our first choice, but it is just because usually we can't get a good chance at him. We look around—and do our best. Our hearts follow our minds, when possible. Not that we'd ever admit this to a man—(Oh, I shan't tell a soul!)—but, of course, women know this is true.

THEN time passes and we begin to think we have "improved" and that our poor, dull clouts of husbands have stood still. We grow dissatisfied. We begin to look around.

We actually may not look around to any great extent. Some women are too afraid of losing Meal Tickets and Good Providers to do more than peek a bit shyly over the fence. Having decided that we are independent women, some of us hop up on the fence and look boldly up and down the road. Oh, the sights that greet our eyes!

Little Mrs. Blinket—that stupid little thing—copped off darling Samuel Blinket, who made thirty thousand last year, and they have a town house and a country place and two cars, and Mrs. Blinket can charge things in every store in town.

And there's that awful Rosemay Raspberry—who ever thought when she married that dub, Rummy Raspberry, that he'd turn out the way he has? Belongs to every good club in town and horns in on all week-ends.

Easy McGoogle brings his wife's breakfast to her in bed every morning and cooks dinner on the cook's night out, and Philip Fritter has the loveliest eyes and his manners are just as good as if he'd been married yesterday—but why go on? You've peered longingly over the fence yourself.

Coming home from parties, you know the conversations which start, "Now, tonight, if you had only said——" or "Why on earth is it that you always——" Those and similar sentences are Aftermath Talk—the sentences every husband and every wife hear on their way home from parties, all over the world. There never was a party composed of more than two married couples where the conversation on the way home didn't contain some perfectly luscious Aftermath Talk.

"I'm actually ashamed of you, Dick, the way you acted. There was Bob Barker, and he talked simply lovely to everyone and you acted like a clam—didn't open your mouth the whole evening," or,

"Where *were* you all evening? Out drinking, more than likely! You smelled horribly when you came in. Dick Neverdrink didn't stir out of the room. That man has the loveliest manners," or,

"I don't think you danced with Mabel or Mrs. Cummings all evening. I'd have been a wallflower, too, for all you cared. You didn't come near me—and now you'll probably call me down because I had a good time with other men. You were letting Fanny Brillington simply wrap herself around you all evening—if you only knew what a sight you were when you dance with her—she didn't have on hardly a thing and simply clung to you. Now, Billie Rogers——"

But then, you probably use better specimens of Aftermath Talk every night, yourself. And, strange as it may seem to you, so do the wives of Bob Barker and Dick Neverdrink, and Billie Rogers. That's what's so funny about the whole thing.

I know a prominent editor—how we writers do get around!—and the other night he and his wife went to a very smart dinner party, and on the way home the Aftermath Conversation was:

"My dear, did you see Paul Parlortrick's shirt? I don't see how he does it! It was just as smooth as glass. Whenever you wear a dinner coat your shirt is always bulging out in front—a great bulge. Paul looks simply wonderful in dinner clothes. Heaven knows, you put on dinner clothes often enough—you ought to know how to wear them by this time."

When that conversation was repeated to me tears came into my eyes. If I had had on indelible mascara, those tears would actually have been allowed to course down my cheeks. I managed to control myself just in time, however. And the reason I felt so badly was because *my husband*—yes, my own dear husband whom I married only twelve short, or long, as the case may be, years ago—has just exactly that same fault. His dinner shirts bulge in front! He is tall and handsome and clever, *and his dinner shirts bulge!* Oh, as I write these words——

I sympathized with the editor as he told me his story—(chorus of intimate women friends: "You would sympathize with an editor!")—but I sympathized with his wife even more.

There is a sequel. The editor and his wife went to a beach party. And there was Paul Parlortrick! His shirt hadn't bulged in front for the very good reason that there was nothing behind it to make it bulge. In a bathing suit he had pipestem legs and cigaret sized arms and a chest that wasn't really a chest at all. The editor, being broad and well built, looked handsome! Complete triumph for the husband! And yet, after the next party, the editor's wife will say to her husband:

"I don't know why it is, but whenever you go to a party——"

I had a sequel happen to me just the other day that may or may not prove anything. Just before I was married I met a Perfect Man. Oh, absolutely; blond, sleek, handsome, slim, rich, successful. This paragon knew how to compliment a woman, how to treat a waiter, was absorbed in what you said to him, knew what the orchestra was playing before the end of the first bar, had a wonderful sense of humor—need I continue? Just jot down a list of any twenty virtues.

The one trouble was that he was already married. I didn't meet his wife—but I envied her. Then I met—and fell in love with—the man I finally married. He wasn't rich or sleek or blond, but usually one man can't have everything, and he had his good points, too. With a few backward glances and Maude Muller-ish thoughts, I married and got along pretty well. I admired my husband but I couldn't help making comparisons, the usual "I don't see why you can't" kind.

Years went by, and last week the once Per-

"How that man can kiss! If my husband could learn to kiss like that! But kissing like that takes practice."

fect Man and his wife came to town. Alas, the Perfect Man was perfect no longer! He had a double chin! He was—well, to put it most mildly, slightly liquored! Scotch of a time of only seventeen amendments had reached him. According to his wife, it usually does reach him. He was silly, befuddled—just plain dumb. His wife told me things—and I don't envy her, now. As she talked a Perfect Man crumbled in ashes before me. Among other things she said:

"Jack isn't a real man, you know. He isn't adequate. He always has drunk a lot, but I could put up with that. But now he is getting silly about women, always pulling a line, and, of course, they fall for it. And he wastes a lot of money—conceited, too. When I look around at the other men I know——"

There you are! I looked at my own husband. He is not perfect, even now. But he hasn't a double chin—not much of one, anyhow. He doesn't drink—not a great deal. He doesn't—that is, not always—pull a line with women. He is only moderately conceited. And now he knows most of the things about restaurants and waiters that the Perfect Man knew twelve years ago. Now, if he were only a little more like—— There I go again!

THERE'S one sentence that the Erstwhile Perfect Man's wife—if you know whom I mean—said that I shall always remember. It's this:

"Jack isn't a real man!"

Have or haven't you heard that sentence before? If you've ever been with a group of women or with any two married women—any two—you probably have. No matter what else is wrong with their husbands—and you'd be surprised how many things can be wrong with outwardly perfectly good husbands, one or all of the women always manage to say, "If my husband were only a real man." Some man this woman knows is a real man, but, somehow, the husband always lacks *something*.

Of course, if any man, reading this, will ask his wife, she will say I am absolutely wrong, but all I can tell you is what I've heard. If the wives of Lionel Strongfort and Breitbart and Atlas and Hercules got together, I wonder if they'd murmur in a chorus, "If my husband were only a *REAL* man!"

Of course, though, Other Women's Husband's always have a thrill to them. When you have luncheon with your own husband you pick out some perfectly obvious place where you can get food you like. Not so when you go to luncheon with another man. He may be your best friend's husband and absolutely harmless. He may just be Another Woman's Husband With Possibilities.

ANYHOW, if you do have a luncheon date with him, instead of picking out a nice well known place, you go to some unknown restaurant on a side street, where the shades are half drawn. You eat impossible food and talk personalities.

You may not actually go any farther nor have any desire to go farther, but, somehow, your conversation is far from normal—far from the conversation you would have if his wife or your husband were present. He convinces the head waiter he is not a prohibition agent and gets you a raw cocktail in a teacup. You giggle and act foolish and talk sex—and he is a bit bold and a bit unconventional. You get quite a thrill out of it, but on the way home you say to yourself:

"I'm glad *my husband* doesn't cut up like that." And it never occurs to you that perhaps he does. Now, what *does* your husband talk about when he's with other women? That's something to think about.

Then, there's kissing. Not that I recommend kissing, of course, as the ideal indoor—or outdoor, very nice, too!—occupation. There are other sports that may be as good. But, after years of marriage, kissing your own husband rather has lost its edge, in a way. Kissing another woman's husband—or a man who hasn't a wife at all, if there are any such—that's different. Quite! You may not mean any harm, of course. But, if in a spirit of

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That's the record of Alyse Leblanc of Massachusetts.

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Jacob Myron of Connecticut started in the morning and cleared over $13 before evening.

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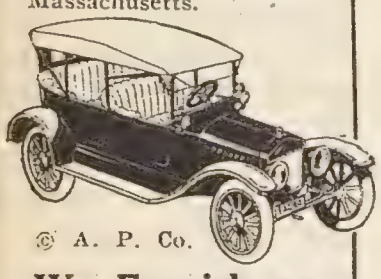
was the result of the first work of B. Collander of Massachusetts.



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Just send me your name and I will tell you how to get started. I will show you how you can make $100 a week, and even in your spare time $8 to $10 a day for a few hours' work. I will show you how you can have a permanent, profitable, honorable, pleasant and fascinating business that will bring in a bigger income than you ever thought possible.

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Please send me, without one cent of cost and without any obligation, complete details of your new plan by means of which I can make from $50 to $100 a week.

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deviltry you do kiss another man—And later you'll probably tell your best friend all about it—women do tell such things, these days!—and you'll probably add:

"How that man can kiss! If my husband could learn to kiss like that! But kissing like that takes practice! After all——"

It will shock you when you hear, through the best friend of the best friend of someone else, that Mabel or Mary said that one night—on that party at the Hunters', she kissed your husband—and the way that man could kiss——

So you see, your husband is Another Woman's Husband to any other woman.

OF course, there are more thrills in other husbands. Why shouldn't there be? And, whether you search for them or find them is, after all, nothing to me.

A friend of mine was discussing things with her washerwoman the other day and my friend, who has had only one husband—and he nothing to brag about—asked the washerwoman, who has had five, though none of them ever interfered with her job, what she thought about husbands. The washerwoman told her:

"A man's a man, I guess. They're all alike, the whole lot. I've had five, and honest, at the end of six months you couldn't tell one from the other."

A famous astrologist whom I know, when consulted by an eager little married woman about a divorce and another marriage, said:

"Go ahead and change husbands, but I can see by your stars that you'd just be exchanging one tight shoe for another."

I believe the astrologist was right, not only in this case but in most others. Aren't husbands all just tight shoes? We might as well ease them up a bit—and keep what we got in the first place.

When I had been married only a few months I remember what I thought was the daring philosophy of a girl who had actually been married for two years.

"Are you still in love with your husband?" I asked her. Two years!

"Well," she said with great dignity (I think she was all of twenty at the time), "you see, I understand marriage and men. My husband—I'm used to him and like him."

Just the other day I saw the same woman. She could still pass for twenty and she is still calm about marriage. "I'm used to him and I like him," is still her motto.

ROMANCE! Beauty! Well enough, even in marriage. Yet a couple of days ago I spoke to a man who, two years ago, was in raptures over his wife—her beauty, her charm, her loveliness. And now, in almost the same words, he is raving over another woman. So you see it isn't just women who are inconstant.

Wasn't there an old proverb about the grass being greener in the other field? That applies to marriage, too. Other husbands only look greener—if you get me—but like as not, our husbands, who were the best we could get when we got them—and we were younger then, too—are the best we could get, even now.

And if we did change husbands and acquire the man who could give a thrill when he kissed us, how long do you think the thrill would remain?

And think of learning all about a man all over again—how he likes his coffee, when he smokes and what, the songs he sings in the bathroom, the things he can't talk about without going into a rage, the people he doesn't like—no, no, three times.

How do they do it, these brave women who are willing to Go Through With It—with the process of learning all about a new man over and over again? If at the end of six months you can't tell the difference—and if a tight shoe is a tight shoe—well, the grass in my field isn't green—I mean, it is just as green as the grass in the next field, after all.

THE END

VARIETIES

WINTER WOES

By Guy Lee

Oh, the rigid, frigid season
Is upon us once again;
Which is apt and ample reason
For the discontent of men.
Now the sifty winds blow shifty
O'er the snow a drifty note,
And we've got to dig up fifty
For a winter overcoat.

Oh, the eerie season skeery
Makes us weary everywhere,
And we must submit, though leery,
To the heavy underwear;
And the sad reflection rankles
In the place beneath our hats,
That for months, instead of ankles,
We must waste our eyes on spats.

EPIGRAMS

By Grace E. Hall

Logic: Making the best of it in the midst of the worst of it.

—o—

The worst pessimist wouldn't trade his khaki trousers for the swellest shroud in town.

—o—

If one's good deeds were to suddenly bloom into beautiful flowers some people wouldn't have so much as a frost-bitten dandelion in their back yard.

—o—

Leaving well enough alone never improved anything anywhere.

—o—

Only the brave may drink the brew.

A Short Story of Hidden Madness

The MAN Who Killed the MOOSE

By BEN AMES WILLIAMS

Pictures by
JOHN GREGG STEPHENSON

Next day Fraternity forgot the moose in a new sensation!

I.

NICK WESTLEY was game warden. Driving toward Fraternity along the Ridge Road that afternoon in early November he encountered Jim Saladine and stopped his car to exchange a word or two. Jim, one foot propped against the running board, listened thoughtfully to what Westley had to say. Unconsciously the eyes of both men turned eastward, across the deep valley of the George's River, carpeted with woods.

The last leaves of the hardwoods were gone or going; only here and there a flash of rain-dulled color still persisted. Upon the thicker foliage of the black growth a little snow hung, left over from the first fall of the season a week before. The snow had been melting this day in the sun that accompanied a strong southeast wind which now blew into the faces of the two men. This wind, coming from the sea, had a damp chill in it; they were both warmly clad.

"Been down Union way," Westley explained. "They telephoned to me there's been a cow moose killed over beyond Pitkin's place."

"That's too bad," Saladine commented. There was, that year, an open season on the bulls. "Probably somebody took it for a bull."

"Probably," the warden agreed. "I'm going up now to look the ground over. Chances are I won't find anything."

"Kind of hate to hear of a cow being killed," Saladine said thoughtfully. "I like having moose in the swamps around here. Bull and two cows was down in my pasture last summer for quite a spell. I used to see them every so often." Saladine himself was a famous hunter of deer, but it was known of him that he killed only bucks.

"I know," Westley assented. The two men were old friends, not unlike, and Saladine had once done Westley service in the matter of the warden's dog, Reck. "I know," the warden agreed. "You hear a lot of talk about their being dangerous, and sometimes an automobile will run into one on the road somewhere, but I never have found out a case where a moose really did any harm."

Saladine grinned. "Forgetting Joe Dewey, ain't you?" Both men laughed. Dewey, the summer before, had waked one morning and looked out to discover three moose in the pasture above the house. His curiosity sent him up to see them at closer range; it did not occur to him to be afraid until he was within some fifty yards. Then the bull snorted at him, and Dewey abruptly decided he had been unwise. He turned and raced homeward at such speed that he fell across his own kitchen door and fainted from sheer exhaustion. The bull not pursuing . . . A matter for jest in all Fraternity since that day.

"That's right," Westley assented. "I had forgot Joe." He asked, "Don't want to ride up there and take a look around with me, do you?"

"Why, I might," Saladine agreed, and climbed into the seat beside the warden. They bounced along the rocky Ridge Road, past the house where Proutt, the dog breaker, had lived, and past Will Belter's and Chet McAusland's farm, and so down into the village. One or two men on the steps of Will Bissell's store waved to them as they went by. On a mile or two toward Zeke Pitkin's place. Pitkin was known through all Fraternity as a timorous and fearful man. "Feel kind of sorry for Zeke since he's been left all alone there," Saladine remarked as they sighted the house.

Westley nodded. "So do I. Poor old Zeke. He sure gets a lot of misery out of life."

THEIR destination was three-quarters of a mile farther on. The body of the moose had been found by Gay Hunt when he came tramping along the edge of the swamp on the lookout for fresh traces of deer between the low ground and the orchard which bordered the road. He saw the black bulk of the moose on the snow and investigated and, when he got home, telephoned to Westley's house. Mrs. Westley had notified her husband in Union.

Westley and Saladine found young John Evered and Joe Suter near the carcass when

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they arrived. Evered descended to the road to meet them.

"Hello, Nick," he said; "hello, Jim," and, when they had responded, "I thought probably you'd want folks to stay back and not track the place up any, so we've watched our step."

The warden thanked him; then he and Jim climbed the gradual slope through the orchard until they saw the black body of the moose on the snow, seventy-five yards away. Evered pointed across toward the edge of the swamp.

"She was shot from over there," he said.

Under his guidance they crossed the open land and came to the edge of the thick growth; found there, as he had promised, the marks of a man's heavy overshoes, which, with felt boots, form the accustomed winter wear in Fraternity. The man had come out of the swamp; had, they saw, fired one shot here. The shell, half buried in the snow, lay at one side. The slayer had then run forward twenty or thirty paces and halted again and emptied his magazine. Saladine picked up the shells and examined them with thoughtful attention before dropping them into his pocket.

Westley—both men were careful not to mar these footprints—had gone forward toward the body of the moose; stood beside it now, looking back along her trail. She had come thus far at a walk; this much was plain; must then have been dropped in her tracks; a neck shot, the warden guessed. Saladine joined him, and Westley pointed out this fact. Saladine surveyed the carcass thoughtfully.

"That's right," he assented. "She never made but one jump after she was hit."

"Good shooting, anyway," Westley commented.

Saladine nodded. "Yes, good shooting," he agreed. "But, Nick—what did he keep on shooting for?"

Westley looked at the other in surprise. "What do you mean?"

Saladine pointed back toward the swamp.

"He fired one shot and dropped her," he reminded the warden. "Then he run toward her a little ways, and then he emptied the rest of his shells into her. Look here."

The moose had crumpled forward, her forelegs giving way first; had struck on neck and head and toppled to one side so that her belly was toward the swamp. Jim, stooping, now pointed out to Westley that there were bullet holes in her belly. They counted three.

"Just poured it into her after she was dead," Saladine explained; "after she was down and dead. Now, why would a man go to do that?"

"He must have been excited," Westley suggested.

"I should think so," Saladine agreed. "Yes, I should think he must have been."

THEY drew back; continued their survey. There were other facts about this killing which they found remarkable. The killer had emerged from the swamp.

"Must have come out before she even heard him," Saladine commented. "Wind southeast, the way it's been all day, and strong as it was, she wouldn't hear him in the brush, nor smell him, either. Had come upon the great beast unawares and shot her down. Riddled her after she was dead. . . ."

"And never went near her himself!" Westley exclaimed at last. "Do you see that, Jim? He shot her and then he turned right around and ducked back into the swamp and never came near her at all." The warden was not a hot-tempered man, but his face was red with anger now. "Just plain murder, this was, Jim. Killing for the sake of killing."

"Just because he had a gun in his hand," Saladine agreed. "I've seen men like that."

"We can follow him in this snow!" Westley exclaimed. "It'll be dark before long. What do you say, Jim? Let's get after him right away."

Young Evered and the boy had before this departed on their own concerns. Saladine and Westley turned into the swamp, along the line of footprints left by the man who had killed the moose. They found he had taken his own back track for a hundred yards; had then swung into a wood road and so to the main thoroughfare. His footprints seemed here to turn away from Fraternity, along the little used back road toward Brooker Pond.

THEY lost them at last, for other men had passed this way in footgear much alike and it was hard to pick out any single series of footprints in the growing dusk. Saladine had kept a little to one side of the trail they followed, and as they turned back toward the village he pointed out another circumstance to Westley.

"Whoever it was came from up this way, down along the edge of the swamp, till he killed the moose," he said. "Then he came back up here. Here's his trail, going down."

Westley nodded. "Probably lives up this way somewhere, then," he commented.

"Well, maybe," said Saladine.

On their way back to the village the two men were silent, each considering the matter from his own angle. Westley dropped Saladine at the store. "Bert will carry me home when he comes after the mail," Jim explained.

"If you think of anything, let me know, will you?" Westley suggested. And Saladine gravely promised that he would.

Saladine got an early chance to ride home that evening; he was gone before the men of the village began to gather about Will's stove to await their mail. Thus he missed hearing Gay Hunt embroider his tale of how he had found the carcass; missed the conjectures and guesses and the new details with which the day's sensation was that night adorned. But the next evening he was there; found the killing of the moose still the foremost topic. Chet McAusland, a man who loved the creatures of the forest, was loud in his condemnation of such slaughter; others were less outspoken, but there was a general sentiment back of Chet. Each man had his own guess as to who had done the killing; it was attributed by several to a boy who lived out across the swamp toward the Kingdom, and who was known to be a mighty—and unscrupulous—hunter.

Saladine himself fell into talk with Andy Wattles, Will's clerk, while he purchased two cigars over the counter beside the mail boxes. He asked Andy, grinning in a friendly way, whether Andy knew anything about the killing. Andy shook his head. "I come along past there, this side, about noon yesterday," Andy said. "But I didn't even hear any shots."

"Killed about noon, was it?"

Andy nodded. "Zeke Pitkin was in last night. He said he heard the shots from his place."

Saladine seemed mildly interested. "What time was that?"

"He said it was just about noon," Andy

The warden was not a hot-tempered man, but his face was red with anger now. "Just plain murder, this was, Jim. Killing for the sake of killing."

explained; "said he was working in the barn building a hen pen for the winter."

"How many shots?" Saladine asked.

"One, and then three or four right together."

"You didn't hear them, though?"

"No. I came along the other road; not the one that goes right by the orchard. I was coming from Race's place."

"Came right past Zeke's?"

"Yes."

"Bad day to drive around," Saladine commented idly. "That wind was cold."

"Southeast wind always is this time o' year," Andy reminded him. "Not so much cold as wet." He turned aside to serve Chet McAusland, and Saladine joined the group about the stove.

About half an hour later he had an opportunity to get the story of those shots at first hand. Pitkin himself appeared, having driven down from the farm behind his weary old horse. The fearful man came in at the side door bundled to the ears against the cold; while he unbuttoned his coat and turned up the flaps of his cap he looked about at the faces of the men in the store with the nervous smile that was his habit.

Fraternity felt toward Zeke a mild contempt, but they also pitied him and vaguely liked the little man. Their liking took the form of jests this night. They said he looked as though he were frozen; they assured him it was not cold; they asked whether his hens had bitten him lately—this last a favorite jest since a setting hen had, a year or so before, pecked a piece out of Zeke's hand. Pitkin smiled at them timidly and, as soon as their attention was distracted, withdrew into the background and made himself as inconspicuous as possible.

Saladine at first made no move to speak to him; but after a while Zeke went up to the counter and whispered to Andy, and Jim saw Andy get down a spool of fishing line and some hooks. This vaguely amused Saladine; he came to Pitkin's elbow and asked:

"You a fisherman, Zeke?"

"I aim to go after some pickerel," Zeke confessed.

"I didn't know you ever fished."

"Well, I got time on my hands sometimes," the fearful man explained. "And there's a lot of pickerel up in Brooker Pond. That ain't but a mile or two from my place. I thought I might try them some day."

"Funny time of year to start fishing."

"Well, I got some time on my hands now."

"I kind of like pickerel fishing myself," Saladine commented sympathetically.

"I used to catch 'em when I was a boy," Zeke said, warming to this sympathy. "I used to take a piece of pork rind and cut it in the shape of a frog, and golly, but they'd grab it."

"Yeah, pork rind's good bait," Saladine agreed. Zeke stuffed his purchases in his pocket. "Andy tells me you heard the shooting yesterday when the moose was killed."

Zeke nodded quickly. "Yes, sir, I heard it. One shot, and then three or four, fast. I was in the barn working on my hen pen."

"Did you see Andy go by on the road about that time?"

Zeke shook his head. "It was cold. I had the door shut to keep the wind out."

Saladine nodded. "Don't blame you," he agreed, then asked casually, "About northwest from your place, ain't it, where they found the carcass?"

"Why, yes, just about," said Zeke.

Saladine turned away and sat down in his seat by the stove again. Zeke pottered about, making other small purchases, shrinking and fearful. Saladine watched him with a mild and friendly eye.

II.

NEXT day Fraternity forgot the slain moose in a new sensation. Old Joel Duke was found dead in his house in the woods by Brooker Pond. Zeke Pitkin, going in to fish for pickerel, passed the house and stopped to exchange the time of day with Joel. The kitchen door was open; he looked inside and saw Joel stretched all across the floor, a grisly object. Zeke had driven in along the wood road that led from the main highway to Joel's house; he did not stop to fish after his discovery, but climbed back into the buggy and whipped his old horse over the rutted way and out and toward the village. Stopped at Doctor Crapo's house. "Maybe he ain't dead," he stammered. "I didn't stop to look. But there was blood all over him." He refused point blank to return with Doctor Crapo. "My nerves shake so," he explained.

Old Joel had lived quite alone in his house of three rooms. Two were bedrooms, one of which he occupied; the greasy quilts on the bed were unchanged from year to year. Joel was an old man with a mildly humorous turn of speech, and set in his ways. His manner of living had long been an open scandal to the housewives of the village. They said his bed was never aired; they asserted that the quilts were even nailed to the bedstead at foot and sides. They pointed out that his dishes were not properly washed, and that he lived like a pig, cooking enormously and then eating his victuals cold so long as they lasted.

"I went in there one day with Lee," Mrs. Motley used to say, "and I declare there was coffee grounds in his pot that must have been there a year."

Most old men living alone in a small community acquire the repute of being miserly and are credited with having a hidden hoard. Such rumors never played about old Joel's head. He was known to be shiftless and waste-

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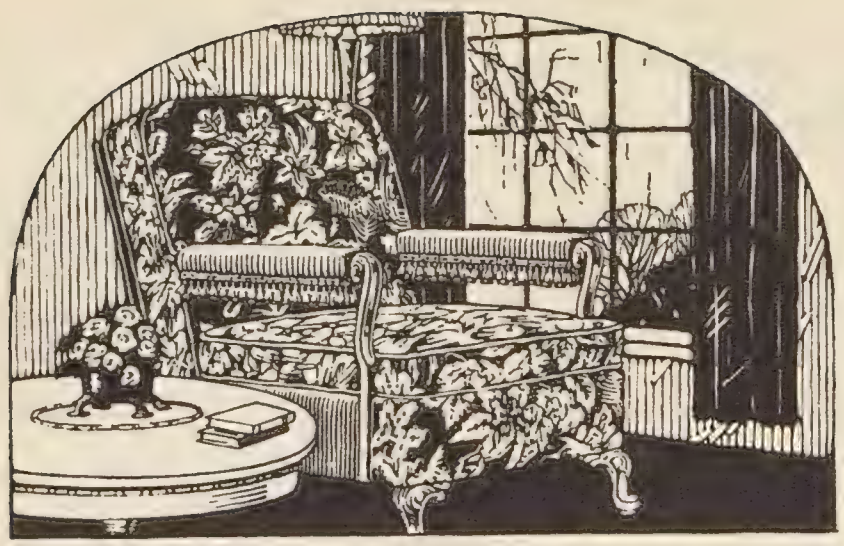

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ful; when he earned a dollar or two by an occasional chore for distant neighbors he spent it immediately at the store. The fish in the pond and his small farm and orchard sufficed to support him in an indifferent indolence; he asked no favors, offered none; had, so far as Fraternity knew, no enemies in the world.

These facts became pertinent upon his death, for Doctor Crapo saw at once that the old man had been murdered.

THE doctor had driven in to the lonely spot alone, Zeke absolutely refusing to return with him. It was necessary for the physician to leave his car at a wet patch in the road which he could hardly pass without danger of being mired. The rest of the way he walked. He knew old Joel, and had more than once remonstrated with him on his manner of life, warning him of the attendant dangers. At which Joel had been accustomed to laugh with some complacence, assuring the physician that he had the digestion of a goat. "I'll never take my death out of vittles," he was fond of saying.

His confidence in his own powers had now been justified. Doctor Crapo, hurrying along the broken road, turned into the farmyard in a heat from his own haste. He saw at a distance that the kitchen door was open, as Zeke had told him it would be, and when he reached the door itself old Joel's body lay across the floor within, curiously distorted, so that it gave an effect of being scattered and seemed to lack any human unity. And Doctor Crapo perceived at once that Joel had been killed; master of his victuals and his own digestion to the end, but succumbing to other assaults which would not be denied.

Assaults enough to kill a dozen men, it appeared. He had been slain in a particularly ferocious manner, as by one who had a madness for killing. Doctor Crapo—it did not occur to him to be afraid, although no living man was near—composed what was left of old Joel, and catalogued his wounds, and more than once cursed softly at the murderous malignancy here evidenced. When his task was done he waited quite calmly for someone to come and join him, sure that poor, timorous, babbling Zeke would spread word of the tragedy. It was Will Bissell who at length arrived.

The thing wrought discussion at Will's store that night to a white heat of excitement. The men there were avid for details of the murder; they filled the air with conjectures as to who and when and why.

Old Joel, as has been said, was known to be a thriftless fashion of man; no robbery, then. It was hard to imagine any other motive for the thing that had been done. As for the time, Doctor Crapo thought it must have been a day or two before. As for the person, no strangers had been seen in Fraternity within the fortnight since the woodcock season ended. Some native, then; some neighbor, run amuck. Men watched each other with a keen attention that night in Will's store.

Jim Saladine in the store had played a listener's part; had asked no questions at all. But the next morning he went to Doctor Crapo's house with a pointed inquiry or two. "It ain't just plain bloody-mindedness, doctor," he apologized.

Doctor Crapo esteemed Jim. "Good Lord, man, I know that."

"But they're saying he was just beat all to pieces," Jim explained. "That started me thinking. Would you mind telling me about it, sir?"

Doctor Crapo was still hot with indignation at what he had seen; nevertheless, his tone was calm and judicial as he recited the facts. Two rifle balls, a billet of stove wood, and an ax had all had their part in the affair, he explained, and told the manner of it. Jim listened impassively enough. When the physician was done he considered for a moment, then commented:

"Don't seem like a man could get mad enough to do that."

"It doesn't seem so," the doctor agreed. "I tell you, Jim, the man that did it was just drunk with it. It was the sort of thing an animal might do."

"They must have had a fight or something, whoever it was."

DOCTOR CRAPO shook his head. "Looked to me like old Joel was just sitting in his chair when he was shot, and then he pitched forward on the floor and never moved after that at all. He couldn't have."

"No fight?"

"No, sir."

"Well, Joel had a cute tongue on him. I expect he talked to this other man 'til he got the fellow good and mad."

"I can't say as to that," the doctor replied stubbornly. "Maybe so. But nothing but a perfectly insane fury could make a man do what was done. . . . A malignant, blind, insane frenzy of slaughter."

"Do you reckon it was a crazy man, Doctor?" Jim asked slowly.

"How can I tell? Of course, the man was crazy at the time. He must have been."

Jim got up slowly; he smiled a little. "It's not so very comfortable to think of a man like that loose around here. Now, is it, sir?"

"No, it's not."

"You had any experience with crazy people, Doctor?"

"I've seen one or two."

"Any signs to look for?"

"I don't know what you would

He whirled like an animal, confronted them, crouching, the hatchet in his taut hand, raw fragments in the other . . .

look for, in a case like this, if the man *were* insane."

Saladine considered. "About the only sign will be his killing somebody else and cutting them all to pieces."

"That's a horrible thought, but it's just about true," the doctor assented grimly.

"Or killing an animal, maybe."

Doctor Crapo looked surprised. "What's that you say?"

Saladine considered for a moment, twisting his hat slowly in his hand. "Heard about the cow moose being shot, didn't you?"

"Yes."

"Man that killed the moose dropped her first shot; then he poured her full of holes after she was dead," said Saladine.

The two men stared at each other for a time in silence, and Doctor Crapo, steady-nerved, as medical men are apt to be, nevertheless felt a pricking at the base of his skull. At length he asked in a low voice:

"Who was it, Jim?"

Jim hesitated, countenance rueful. "It was the southeast wind that started me thinking," he replied, and added: "I've been watching since; I'm pretty sure now. Wind the way it was, he couldn't hardly have heard those shots that day. . . . And him buying fishline a-purpose to go in there. . . . Couldn't wait for someone else to find old Joel. Doctor, I'd like it if you'd come along with me up to his house. There's something I'd like to try."

"What?"

"It's this way," said Jim, and began to explain the thing he had in mind to do.

ZEKE PITKIN, as has been suggested, was a constitutionally timid man and easily affrighted. Fraternity had always been inclined to laugh at Zeke; but since, a few months before, death had left him alone on his farm, a mile or two beyond the village, some commiseration had mingled with this levity. Zeke himself had accepted his new condition without undue complaint; he had found solace in increased activity about the farm.

This summer just past he had hatched and raised a considerable number of chickens, which he marketed at the store or among his neighbors. Doctor Crapo, who lived on the edge of the village and had no time for raising chickens, sometimes bought of Zeke. He and Jim stopped at Zeke's farm this afternoon to buy two birds.

When, in the physician's car, they rolled into the barnyard, Zeke was not in sight; but, with the engine stilled, they heard the sound of a saw from the barn. Jim pushed back the big door, and Zeke, busy about the hen pen he was building in the farther corner, saw them and came to meet them, the saw in his hand, smiling in the nervous way he had.

Saladine's voice was very kind. "Hello, Zeke." Zeke greeted them. Jim said slowly, "The Doc wanted to get a couple of broilers."

Zeke looked from one man to the other, nodded. "Well, I got them for him here," he replied, jerking his thumb over his shoulder. They could hear the vague, murmurous sounds that come from a large number of fowls closely confined. He led the way and they followed out of doors to the fenced yard where a score or two of young chickens looked up with the inane curiosity of their kind or scuttled away with a ridiculous pretense at panic.

"A couple of fat ones," Doctor Crapo suggested.

Zeke began to talk, discussing the merits of

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE NINETEEN]

his chickens; he let himself into the yard and edged the birds into the low shelter at one corner, latched the low door upon them there, then through a rear entrance himself went into the chicken house. Loud, discordant sounds of feathered fright issued from the structure; these were punctuated after a moment by a series of doleful and rhythmic squawks.

ZEKE himself presently emerged, a plump bird in each hand. He held them by the legs; they dangled, wings half spread, heads lifted snakelike. Their squawks slackened and ceased as they resigned themselves to their ordained end.

"I'll tie their legs for you," Zeke said, closing the door of the pen awkwardly behind him.

Doctor Crapo, with a glance at Jim, said huskily: "Mind killing them, Zeke? Mrs. Crapo doesn't like to have it done around home."

Zeke looked faintly distressed. "Oh," he said. "Oh! Well, if you want, I reckon I'll have to."

"I'd like it if you would," Doctor Crapo replied.

The fearful man looked aimlessly about. Just within the barn door he perceived the heavy hatchet, razor sharp, which he had been using in his carpentry. He gave one of the chickens to Saladine to hold and, with the other in his hand, advanced and picked up the ax.

By the woodshed door a block stood. He stepped toward it, laid the chicken across the block. The bird clucked with faint dismay, watching sharply for what would follow. Saladine and Doctor Crapo were a little to one side. They saw the hatchet rise and fall. The body of the chicken flopped and twitched in Zeke's hand.

The timorous man seemed frozen where he stood; he stared down at the perturbed carcass, at the severed neck. They saw his cheeks slowly pale. What followed was distressing. The carcass of the chicken was once more across the block, while the sharp hatchet rose and fell and rose and fell. . . .

Doctor Crapo would have stepped forward; Saladine touched his arm. "Watch out," he whispered.

Pitkin heard the whisper. He whirled like an animal, confronted them, crouching, the hatchet in his taut hand, raw fragments in the other. . . .

"ZEKE," said Saladine, very gently. A wordless sound came from the crouching man. "You're sick, Zeke," said Saladine. "Let the Doctor take care of you."

Then, swift as a wand, Jim bent sidewise as the hatchet cut the air and clattered against the barn behind him and, swift as a cat, moved forward and pinned the fearful little man in his arms, like bands of steel.

"There, there, Zeke, old man," he urged soothingly. "You're sick, Zeke. Quiet, now. It's all right, Zeke. Be still."

Poor Zeke became once more a small and timorous man; and from his eyes tears began to stream and flow.

THE END

Should Capital Punishment BE ABOLISHED?

THOUSANDS of persons submitted manuscripts in Liberty's $1,000 contest for the best essay on this important question, which arose in connection with the outcome of the famous Leopold and Loeb trial.

The contestants comprised a cross section of American life. Their verdict is what might be expected if a nation-wide canvass were to have been taken.

For many generations capital punishment has been accepted by most of us as an institution. A few States have discontinued its use, but no effort has been made to determine the sentiment of the nation as a whole.

What was the verdict of Liberty's readers—and who won Liberty's $1,000 prize? Both of these important and interesting questions will be answered in our next issue, when the result of the contest will be made public.

Loeb and Leopold, you will recall, were the two young university honor students of Chicago, who kidnaped and murdered a fourteen-year-old boy just for the thrill of the experience. The subsequent sentence of these youths to life terms in the penitentiary, after the State had demanded their execution, stirred a whirlwind of comment over the nation. *Should* capital punishment be abolished?

Watch for the Next Issue of Liberty

ON NEWS STANDS NEXT WEDNESDAY!

HAVE You Sat—and Suffered—and Squirmed—While the Speaker Drooled on About the Esoteric Aspects of the Protective Tariff? Then You'll Appreciate This Offering from a Famous Author!

He called Lieutenant Nemo every name that he could think of, but he could not call him down.

After-Dinner DOLDRUMS

By RUPERT HUGHES

Pictures by RALPH BARTON

One of America's Leading Novelists Rises in Protest Against the Horrors of American Postprandial Speaking ---and Out of His Agony Comes a Brilliant Remedy for the Anguish!

THE most doleful feast I ever enjoyed was a military affair given by a regiment to its well beloved commander, Colonel Smith. And I had expected to have a good time, too, because only five speakers were listed and I was not one of them, and the dinner was to begin promptly at seven.

As I computed it, the eating would end at about nine-thirty; the five talkers would consume an average of, say, twenty minutes each; and the worst would be over by a little after eleven.

We sat down at seven, all right. The speaking began at nine-thirty just.

Yet it was already 1 A. M. of the following morning when the haggard toastmaster heaved himself to his height to announce the last speaker and announced him in these highly unusual terms:

"It is very late and we have all been so bored to death by a lot of outrageously long speeches that I would not call upon Lieutenant Nemo at all if his name had not been printed on the program; and if I were not sure that he would simply rise and say good night! and let us go home. Lieutenant Nemo!"

Nemo rose, but not simply. He found it hard to rise, but quite impossible to say good night. And it was just 2 A. M. when he fell over into his chair and let the throng disperse.

This banquet dates back to the early costume period before prohibition put an end to drinking at banquets.

Somebody must have been closing out a champagne warehouse at this time, for there was at least a magnum of the reprehensible stuff for each guest. And after taking a good running start with numerous cocktails most of the guests did a standing-sitting-standing-jackknife dive into the champagne.

The speakers did not remain aloof, and this helped them to be oblivious of the extraordinary amount of talking, singing, and roving about indulged in by the guests.

The fourth babbler succumbed into his chair at 12:59 A. M. The toastmaster vainly insulted the final speaker in advance, as I have said, and kept on insulting him throughout his speech.

The astonishing part of it was the amorous

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Beauty
A Gleamy Mass of Hair

35c "Danderine" does Wonders for Any Girl's Hair

Girls! Try this! When combing and dressing your hair, just moisten your hair-brush with a little "Danderine" and brush it through your hair. The effect is startling! You can do your hair up immediately and it will appear twice as thick and heavy—a mass of gleamy hair, sparkling with life and possessing that incomparable softness, freshness and luxuriance.

While beautifying the hair "Danderine" is also toning and stimulating each single hair to grow thick, long and strong. Hair stops falling out and dandruff disappears.

Get a bottle of "Danderine" at any drug or toilet counter and just see how healthy and youthful your hair appears after this delightful, refreshing dressing.

HARMLESS LAXATIVE
All Children Love Its
Pleasant Taste

Mother!
Your Constipated Child Needs "California Fig Syrup"

Hurry Mother! Even a fretful, feverish, bilious or constipated child loves the pleasant taste of "California Fig Syrup." This gentle, harmless laxative never fails to sweeten the stomach and open the bowels. A teaspoonful today may prevent a sick child tomorrow. It doesn't cramp or overact. Contains no narcotics or soothing drugs.

Ask your druggist for genuine "California Fig Syrup" which has directions for babies and children of all ages printed on bottle. Mother! You must say "California" or you may get an imitation fig syrup.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE TWENTY-ONE]

language the speaker addressed to the guest of honor, Colonel Smith, and the abuse he received in return from Colonel Smith, who had unfortunately remained sober.

Invited to say good night and shut up, Lieutenant Nemo pulled himself to his feet and, putting out his arms as if to embrace Colonel Smith, he began:

"Curdle Schmish—I love you! Curdle Schmish, the whole reshmunt loves you. Curdle Schmish, every man lo-o-o-oves you. And why do we lo-o-ove you, Curdle Schmish?"

Whereupon the object of his adulation glared like a maddened walrus and barked:

"Sit down, you ——— fool!"

But, like a devoted Corydon undeterred by the rebuffs of a reluctant Phyllis, the hardy lieutenant continued his serenade, not in the least hampered by the fierce antistrophe of his colonel's commands to sit down. The poor colonel forgot the regulations which forbid the use of profanity in addressing a soldier, and the double atrocity of cursing an officer in very full uniform.

HE called Lieutenant Nemo every name he could think of, but he could not call him down. The scarlet toastmaster joined his colonel in demanding the lieutenant's silence, and equally in vain.

Some mysterious inhibition prevented anybody from cracking over his head any one of the numberless bottles. Something restrained the colonel from going home.

There is no explaining mob psychologies, particularly when inebriation is in the air. All I know is that Lieutenant Nemo continued to sing love's old sweet song over and over for exactly an hour before his bubbles ceased to rise and he went dead.

The next most terrible ordeal I ever went through in a banquet hall had neither the excuse nor the solace of liquor. It had Senators and judges. It was a State banquet; that is, it was one of those affairs at which people who hail from the same State get together and pretend that there is some bond in common.

This banquet was not a success. The first speaker was one of the two Senators of the State. Fortunately there are only two. He spoke for one hour and a half on the merry postprandial topic of tariff revision and he was as interesting as a tariff schedule.

He was followed by the other Senator of the State who gave out after repeating for a mere sixty minutes every known platitude concerning the merits of the Constitution.

Squads of guests got up and walked out into the corridor, where they sang songs. Others frankly fell asleep or put their heads together over their tables and talked in loud tones, ignoring him as perfectly as he ignored them. But he talked on.

That is one of the oddities of after-dinner speakers. They seem to be absolutely blind to their own devastations.

AFTER these two Senators had reduced their fellow State folk by three-quarters and the remainder to a coma an eminent jurist was introduced. And what do you suppose he had elected for the topic of his merry persiflage? His incredible theme was "Reminiscences of the Early Bar." And the fiend talked on it, talked it out for the slowest hour and a half I ever lived through.

This was the sort of thing he maundered:

"Then, ah—there was—ah—Judge, ah—Phineas—ah—ah—Botts—ah—of Washington—ah—City—ah—a peaceful hamlet—ah—then—ah, but rich in sturdy—ah—virtues of the—ah—noble pioneers who—ah—followed—ah—that grand old principle to which our nation is so deeply indebted and which the poet has so beautifully expressed in words far more pregnant than any that I might utter—er—er 'Westward—ah—the—er—Star—ah—of Empire—ah—takes its—ah—way—ah.'

"Judge Botts' mother—ah, was, if I am not misin—ah—formed—ah—was—ah—a native of the—er—sterling and rock-bound realm of New Hampshah—or perhaps it was Connecticut—ah—unless—well, in any case—but where was I? Oh, yes! Judge Botts was—er—a man of—er—the highest juridical probity, a man to whom—er—the law was—er—in the glorious words of Blackstone———"

And so forth, and so forth. Yet the speaker was a great lawyer and he never bored a jury.

The third stupidest dinner I ever sat out was marked by a speech hard to endure but harder to forget. It was never dull for a moment. Two presidential candidates were there and one of them made a brilliant speech, quite the exact thing, exquisitely worded and voiced, with humor and grace and brief rushes of thrilling eloquence. And through it all he never forgot that he was a gentleman, the guest of gentlemen, and that nothing dictatorial or professorial or premeditated was permissible. He won many votes that night—mine among them.

The other speaker came in very late, arousing a general suspicion that he wanted to make an entrance like a star.

In the first few moments he managed to insult and alarm everybody in the room. There were five hundred of us, mostly editors and writers, and nearly all cordial toward him.

I have never known a man to read an after-dinner speech with-

out chloroforming his audience, and this speaker began by howling in a tone of ferocity:

"I'm going to read my speech tonight!"

This cast a pall of gloom over the hall. He cast others as he went along:

"For two reasons: In the first place, my wife says that once I get started to talking I never stop. In the second place, I'm so sick of being misquoted by you newspaper men that I'm going to give you my speech in black and white and I want you to print it that way."

Having slapped the press in the face, he insulted and horrified the guests by saying:

"So I'm going to read to you for about three-quarters of an hour, and tell you a few things you ought to know."

The insult might have been electrifying, but we fairly groaned at the prospect of listening to anybody for three-quarters of an hour at that hour—it was after eleven when he began. It was one-thirty when he sat down after the most tragic tactlessness I ever saw in a banquet hall.

After a brief twenty minutes of foreword, denouncing the trusts, the interests, capital, and everything else that is nice and pleasant, he turned his manuscript, and read:

"I divide the fiscal history of the United States into three periods, the first beginning in 1775——"

As if this were not a cheery enough little quip to start off with, he turned away from his manuscript and began to explain why he began in 1775, but promptly digressed to a few more attacks on the vested interests.

As we were all poor salaried editors or space rate writers, this was not very pat, and his ferocity was idiotically out of place.

One famous harmless novelist of the great outdoors leaned over and whispered to me to pass him the water bottle, whereupon the speaker leveled an accusing forefinger at him, and shrieked:

"You listen to me, you minion of the trusts! I know that you have had yours, and I want to tell you a few things!"

LATER another novelist who wrote stories of dreamy southern gentlefolk and who was very balmy from his own potations, chuckled to himself over some bibulous reverie and was promptly denounced as a "craven hireling of the predatory powers."

Fortunately the novelist didn't know he was being denounced, and the speaker was so rattled by his own loose fixtures that he turned back to his manuscript, and read:

"I divide the fiscal history of the United States into three periods, the first——"

And he was off again. Again and again he intoned that dreadful first fiscal sentence, but so far as I know he never got beyond it. The guests gradually rose and drifted away in indignation and sat about the lobbies or gathered in the grill room. Eventually the audience of five hundred was reduced to a scant fifty. Still the orator howled to the great open spaces, like a lonely wolf.

After an hour or more of exile the guests felt that the miserable speakers who were scheduled to follow this Boanerges had some rights, and after much hesitation resolved to go back into the room and silence him. They poured back through all the doors and at the first period began to applaud violently and without stopping. Whereupon this astounding guest speaker thundered:

"You can't stop me! And if you don't keep quiet I'll talk all night!"

The exquisite consideration, tact, and grace of this always struck me as almost inconceivable. The helpless guests subsided into grim silence, and eventually the speaker sat down, having called his fellow guests every name under heaven for two hours and a half.

It was generally agreed that he committed political suicide as a presidential candidate. But in politics graves open and the sheeted dead return to squeak and gibber.

An eminent jurist was introduced. And what do you suppose his incredible theme was? "Reminiscences of the Early Bar!"

A very famous artist who was also a very famous drinker was honored some years ago by a dinner to which many distinguished people were invited.

Along about midnight the artist, gloriously drenched and drowsy, was trying to keep awake through an endless lecture by a dreadful creature who knew no better than to have chosen for his topic—Ceramics! of all things for a jovial banquet. After three-quarters of an hour of torture the guest of honor leaned over and whispered to the toastmaster with a shrillness audible to everybody:

"Shay, is zhat old ——— ——— ——— gonna talk all night?"

The speaker collapsed like a camp stool and never uttered another sound.

One of the most common mistakes of the speakers is that they come prepared to speak. They bring a topic to worry, and worry it regardless of whether the audience is interested or not. They go into a kind of trance, like the Delphic Oracle who sat on a tripod over a natural gas spring. But the poor audience gets no gas except the speaker's.

I remember being invited to speak at a great banquet. I had three weeks' warning and beat my brains to prepare something worth while.

At last I was inspired by one of the cleverest ideas ever lent to a mere human by the gods of wit. The opening sentence was so funny that I could hear the roar for days in advance.

The night came at last, and the triumphant moment when I was introduced. With the most infectious of smiles I tossed off my gleaming opening epigram and waited for the echoes of the laughter to die away.

The silence of that throng was unbelievable. There used to be a question: If a tree fell in an uninhabited desert, would there be any sound? I gave the answer. There was none.

I swept the audience with a hasty incredulous glare. The amusement registered was the absolute zero—461° below. One face seemed to show a faint interest; it seemed to say:

"Yes? Go on! And then?"

I had no wits to think up any substitute for my dead classic. I had not the strength to shut up like the ceramics man. But I did put up my head and rattle off the rest of my brief speech as fast as possible—or faster.

IN a life of many failures that was my most perfect. It is my pet failure.

But it taught me a lesson that I passed on recently to a man who asked my advice about a speech he was invited to make. I said:

"Above all things, don't take any ideas with you. Don't tell any stories—they are almost never good, and then only when they are told by past masters from whom they are expected. Eat your dinner and let yourself drift with the spirit of the evening.

"An evening always has a spirit. It may be that something will be said or done that will give you an idea of the mood of the crowd. If so, say what occurs to you and talk to the audience naturally, as you would to a friend. If nothing occurs to you it is better to say a few sympathetic words amiably than to deliver the finest oration in the world prepared in advance or break your neck trying to be funny."

He tried it, and reported that he had the success of his life.

THE END

$500 a Week for Limericks

Liberty's New Contest!

Liberty's Big Limerick Contest

$500 a Week in Cash Prizes

Nellie May primped all day for her date
To be certain she would not be late,
But when ready to leave,
She cried out: "I believe

.....

Write your last line in the space above and send this coupon to—
LIMERICKS, *Care of Liberty,*
P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill.

MY NAME IS.....

STREET ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....

(Issue of December 13)

Open to Everyone--- Everywhere!

All You Have to Do Is to Write One Line

For the Five Best Lines Submitted Liberty Will Pay the Following Big Cash

It's easy and it's fun.

Send in as many last lines as you wish. Every member of the family can compete. Remember, a Limerick is a jingle in which the *last line* rhymes with the first two.

Note the date when this week's contest closes, and send in your answer at once!

PRIZES:

First Prize	$250
Second Prize	100
Third Prize	75
Fourth Prize	50
Fifth Prize	25

Complete the Limerick in the Coupon Above

All Last Lines for THIS Limerick Must Reach Us Not Later Than Midnight, December 20

THE RULES:

Each week the first four lines of a Limerick will be printed on this page. Write a line to complete the Limerick, and send it to Limericks, care of Liberty, P. O. Box 1123, Chicago, Ill. You don't have to use the form printed on this page unless you want to. You can copy the printed lines on another piece of paper, but be sure that all five lines appear in the letter you send in. Also be sure that your name and full address are plainly written, or printed, on the same sheet. For the best line, $250 will be paid; for second best, $100; third, $75; fourth, $50, and fifth, $25.

$500 More for Limericks Next Week

You Can Try for That One, Too.

This Week's Winners

who share in the big prizes for completing the Limerick printed in our issue of November 15. The Limerick read as follows:

As a housewife was baking some pies
She dreamed of her hubby's surprise,
When he came home at night
And took a large bite,

.....

Last lines which the prize winners wrote were:

FIRST PRIZE—$250

A doctor was there till sunrise.

Written by JAMES W. HATCH,
2408 U. C. Building, Cincinnati, Ohio.

SECOND PRIZE—$100

His pleasure surpassed her surmise.

Written by ANNETTE K. BEYER,
3754 Palmer Street, Chicago.

THIRD PRIZE—$75

Slow music, a box, and six guys.

Written by THEODORE F. WALBERG,
820 Arlington Street, Houston, Texas.

FOURTH PRIZE—$50

He groaned—and then grinned—for he's wise.

Written by MRS. MANYNE YOULD,
2069 N. Main Street, Santa Ana, California.

FIFTH PRIZE—$25

Of pie that would win any prize.

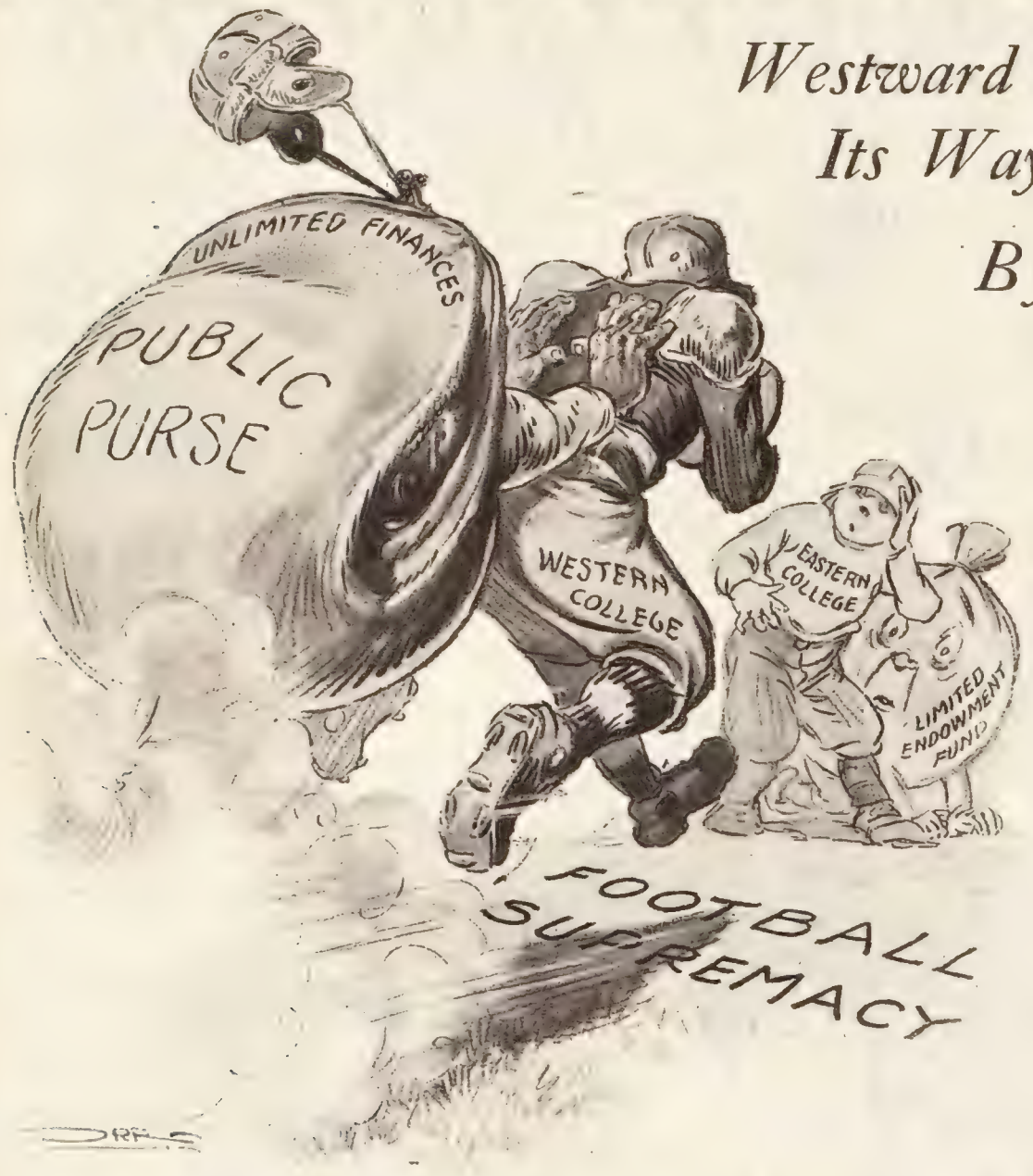
Written by JOSEPH KERR MAXWELL,
3838 Windon Place, N. W., Washington, D. C.

FOOTBALL *and* FINANCE

Westward the Course of Gridiron Empire Takes Its Way, and This Article Explains Why

By HARPER LEECH

Cartoon by CAREY ORR



The western game in a general way represents the power of the public purse.

THE educational finance back of football indicates that the western sport is destined to eclipse the game of the eastern colleges in popularity, prestige, and power. This is not a sport story. Coaches and scribes have emptied fountains of ink in discussing the two great branches of the game. Occasionally East and West have met. What those gridiron tests have shown to you probably depends on your residence east or west of Pittsburgh.

But back of all the sports lore is educational economics—and that points West.

Football power depends upon the supply of freshmen. The number of freshmen who can be accommodated by the colleges of the two sections is a matter of money. The contrast of eastern and western football is a clash of two systems of educational economics. In a way western football stands for government ownership, while eastern gridiron strategy has unconsciously been conditioned by the exigencies of private enterprise. The western game in a general way represents the power of the public purse.

With the exception of Chicago, Leland Stanford, and a few others, the great schools of the Mississippi Valley, the Mountain States, and the Coast derive their revenues from the tax gathered or from funds originally derived from public lands, of which the West once had a wealth set aside for education. The eastern nurseries of football are mostly maintained by income from endowments. These endowments have been increasing pretty constantly and new ones have been created as the result of civic or scientific enthusiasms of wealthy men.

But one of the pronounced trends of our time is a diffusion of wealth in such a manner that, while the rich are not growing poorer, the masses are growing so much richer that the relative share of the wealthy and well to do in the taxable wealth and income of the country becomes less important. Because of this the wealth from which the taxing power can obtain money for the support of education — and thus of football — is beginning to overshadow the wealth from which endowment funds will naturally be replenished.

There is also a trend of diminishing returns for such funds. As prices and wages rise the purchasing power of the interest and rentals accruing from endowments grows less. There is practically no way for the trustees to avoid this without taking risks that are prohibited. But the taxing power is under no such limitations, and tax rates have climbed faster than wages or prices, while the proportion of taxes going to schools has steadily increased.

Against this growing financial power of the western schools the eastern colleges have the defense of tradition, prestige, family spirit, and social attraction in many instances. A great team, a glorious history, and magnetic coaches may successfully withstand for a long time the gravity of taxation, and attract a greater proportion of football stuff in the annual influx of new students than mere numbers would indicate. But, in the long run, weight and caliber of elevens must follow the weight of college enrollment, which is a consequence of the weight of college revenues.

AMONG the features, not to say absurdities, of the American long ballot is the voting in most western states for regents or trustees of the State university. Obviously, only a small part of the voters are directly interested in the State university, and only a negligible percentage are probably qualified to pronounce upon educational policies. The average voter does not even know the names of the men or women candidates for these positions until his pencil meets them, in the cases in which he is scratching his ticket and not voting it blind under the party designation.

But from the standpoint of sport the popular election of university trustees will probably mean more and better football. Once people get the idea that football is fostered by liberal appropriations, the election of free-spending university trustees is probably assured.

Anyone who has noted how the game has captured the mass interest of the Prairie States will be assured on that point. On any Saturday in the fall it is the all-absorbing topic in cigar stores, lunch stands, and at soda fountains. Your butcher will talk about the game as he trims your Sunday roast.

Football is a State-supported institution in the West, and the voters are for it.

HOW the western systems of educational finance are forcing the western schools ahead of the eastern colleges in revenue and attendance is indicated by a brief comparison of the three big eastern schools, Yale, Harvard, and Princeton, with three typical State universities, Michigan, Minnesota, and Wisconsin.

The most striking difference is seen in the amounts of the endowment funds, in round numbers as follows: Harvard, $50,000,000; Yale, $33,000,000; Princeton, $13,000,000; against Michigan, $547,000; Minnesota, $2,110,000, and Wisconsin, $742,000.

The tables are turned when we come to annual incomes, which are: Harvard, $6,000,000; Yale, $3,400,000, and Princeton, $1,400,000; against Michigan, $4,700,000; Minnesota, $5,000,000, and Wisconsin, $5,700,000. Such is the greater potency of the tax gatherer as compared to the coupon clipper.

Comparison of enrollment of men in the colleges of liberal arts of the institutions—a fair method, as it eliminates coeds and special students (in which the western schools have a great preponderance, of not much significance on the football field)—gives the following result: Harvard, 2,744; Yale, 2,421; Princeton, 2,176; against Michigan, 4,655; Minnesota, 6,636, and Wisconsin, 2,926.

But the big story is found in the figures covering the increase of endowment, income, and enrollment in the last ten years.

The increase of endowment, which is the principal source of revenue of the three eastern schools, was as follows: Harvard, 5 per cent; Yale, 60 per cent, and Princeton, 50 per cent. Against these the western schools registered the following increases of income, mostly from taxation: Michigan, 187 per cent; Minnesota, 192 per cent, and Wisconsin, 243 per cent.

In enrollment the ten year increases of the schools were: Harvard, 15½ per cent; Yale (freshmen limited to 850); Princeton, 50 per cent; Michigan, 69 per cent; Minnesota, 58 per cent, and Wisconsin, 87 per cent.

Limitation of the number of freshmen is a pressing issue at most of the big eastern schools because their student capacity has about been reached.

The star of football is in the western procession.

THE END

Mabel, *the* Waitress

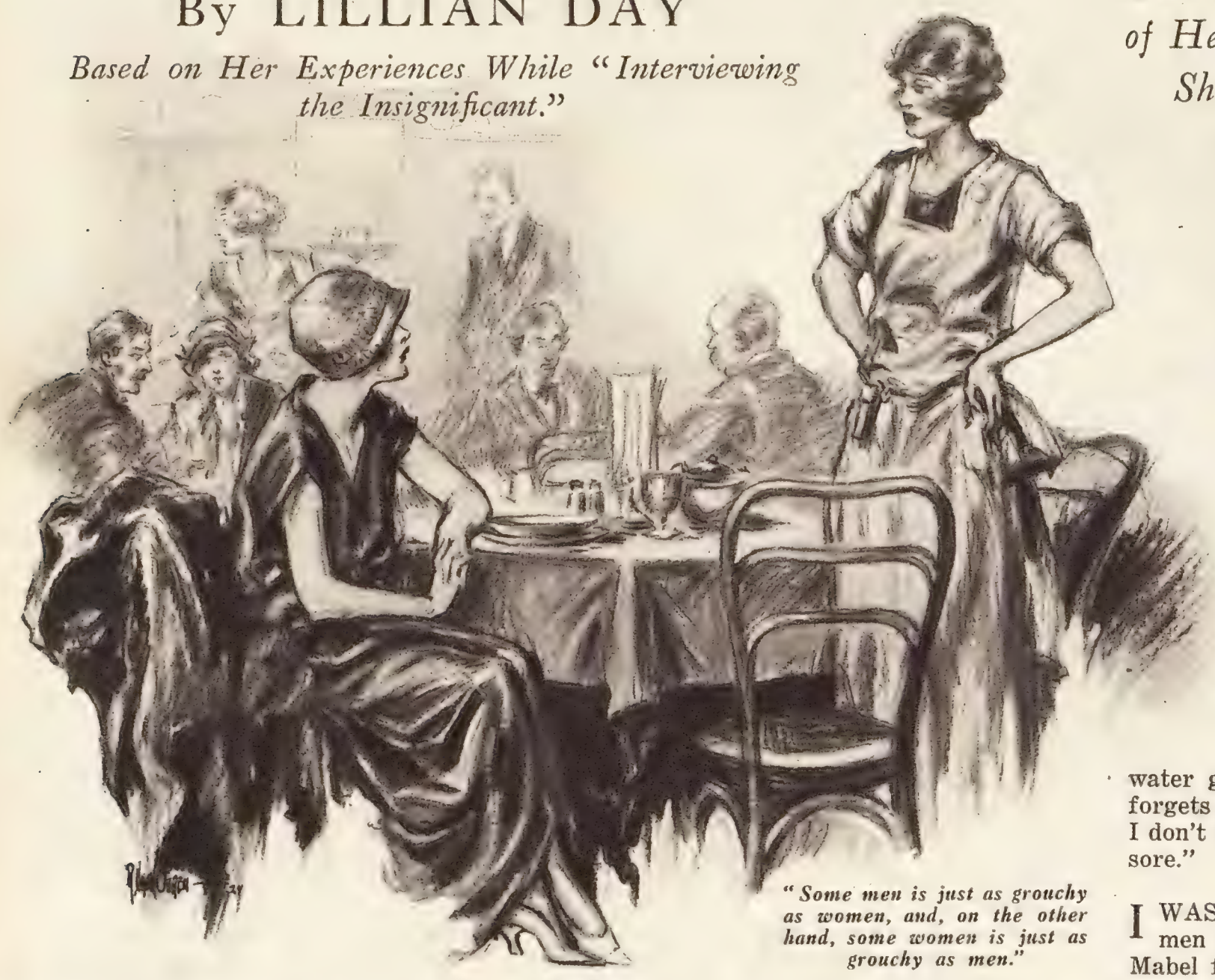
Another of a Series of Articles

By LILLIAN DAY

Based on Her Experiences While "Interviewing the Insignificant."

REVEALS Some of the Secrets of Her Calling, Including How She Remembers Who Ordered the Pork and Beans and Who Should Be Served the Corned Beef Hash.

Picture by
RAEBURN VAN BUREN



"Some men is just as grouchy as women, and, on the other hand, some women is just as grouchy as men."

THE problem of dividing a dollar seventy-five into dinner and a taxi home confronted me as I was walking along Sixth Avenue. It was solved by the welcome sign:

TABLE D'HOTE, SIXTY-FIVE CENTS.

It was one of those whitewashed restaurants which preserves its anonymity behind initials and boasts on the window of "tables for ladies." The tables may have been, but the tablecloths certainly weren't.

"Chopped chicken liver, herrin' salad, or fruit cocktail?" demanded the waitress. Her hair was the kind of red you look at and say "there ain't no such color."

As it was after the rush hour, Mabel was not averse to a little conversation. I'll never know the rest of her name, though I tried to get it.

"Just you ask for Mabel any time you come in, if I ain't on tap. Mabel, that's all. I'm the only Mabel here. Them three is my tables."

"Is waiting hard work?" I asked as she inverted a cup of noodle soup into my plate.

"You get used to it. I'm a first class waitress from the ground down, tray arm and silver service."

"What's tray arm and silver service?" I demanded.

Explanation supplemented by demonstration finally conveyed to me the difference between poising a tray on high and draping the dishes along the forearm. Silver service, it seems, means silver covers to each dish, which must be deftly removed before the food is served.

"My folks hated for me to be a waitress," she confided. "You know how folks is. My sister is a stenographer, and, believe me, she wishes she was me. She works like a dog and gets twenty-five. It's a poor week here I don't knock down my forty or forty-five. A girl don't have to be bad in this business; she makes enough." And, lowering her voice, "You know, waitresses has a bad name, but there's all kinds in every trade."

"What salary do you get?"

"Only six. That ain't much, but it's the tips."

"Is it true women are not so liberal as men?"

"No, girlie," patting me on the back, "don't you believe it. But it's because they can't afford it. I have sixty girls in for lunch, and every one of them is good for her nickel. Of course, if they was men it would be a dime and it would be just twict that much. We have our expenses, too. Fifty cents a day for the bus boy and our laundry."

"I'd be afraid of dropping the dishes," I said.

"No, you wouldn't. Only except at first. Then you'd get used to it."

"Do they charge you for broken dishes?"

"Some of them does. He (indicating the boss, who was collecting money behind the counter) is very nice that way. One day when I first come here—it was a Saturday; no, it was Friday; no, it must have been Saturday, because they was moppin' up the floor for lunch—an' I slipped and spilt a whole trayful. He didn't dock me a cent, an' I nearly broke my hipbone, too!"

"Do you find the customers cranky? Would you rather serve men than women?"

"Some men is just as grouchy as women, and, on the other hand, some women is just as grouchy as men. It all depends. There's one old bird that comes in here for breakfast, and none of the girls wants to wait on him but me. He likes his eggs three minutes to the dot, and broke in a water glass, not an egg cup. Sometimes he forgets to leave a tip accidentally on purpose. I don't mind, but some of the girls gets awful sore."

I WAS left to ponder over the vagaries of old men who like eggs in water glasses while Mabel fetched my Yankee pot roast with potato pancake.

She seemed eager to talk.

"I worked in a swell place in the Bronx last summer, substitutin' for my girl friend. Gee! it was class. People didn't come in at all for lunch, only judges and lawyers. It was near the courthouse. I was sorry to 'a had to give it up. What'll you have for dessert, girlie? Rice puddin'?"

I wanted apple pie.

"Sorry. All out o' apple. Peach, pineapple, lemon merangue."

I decided I didn't want any dessert, which seemed to offend Mabel.

"No dessert? Want some stewed rhubarb, prunes, or baked apple and cream?"

"No, thanks; just a cup of coffee."

"How about raisin cake or French pastry?"

"No, thank you. Just coffee. How do you manage to remember the orders when the place is crowded?"

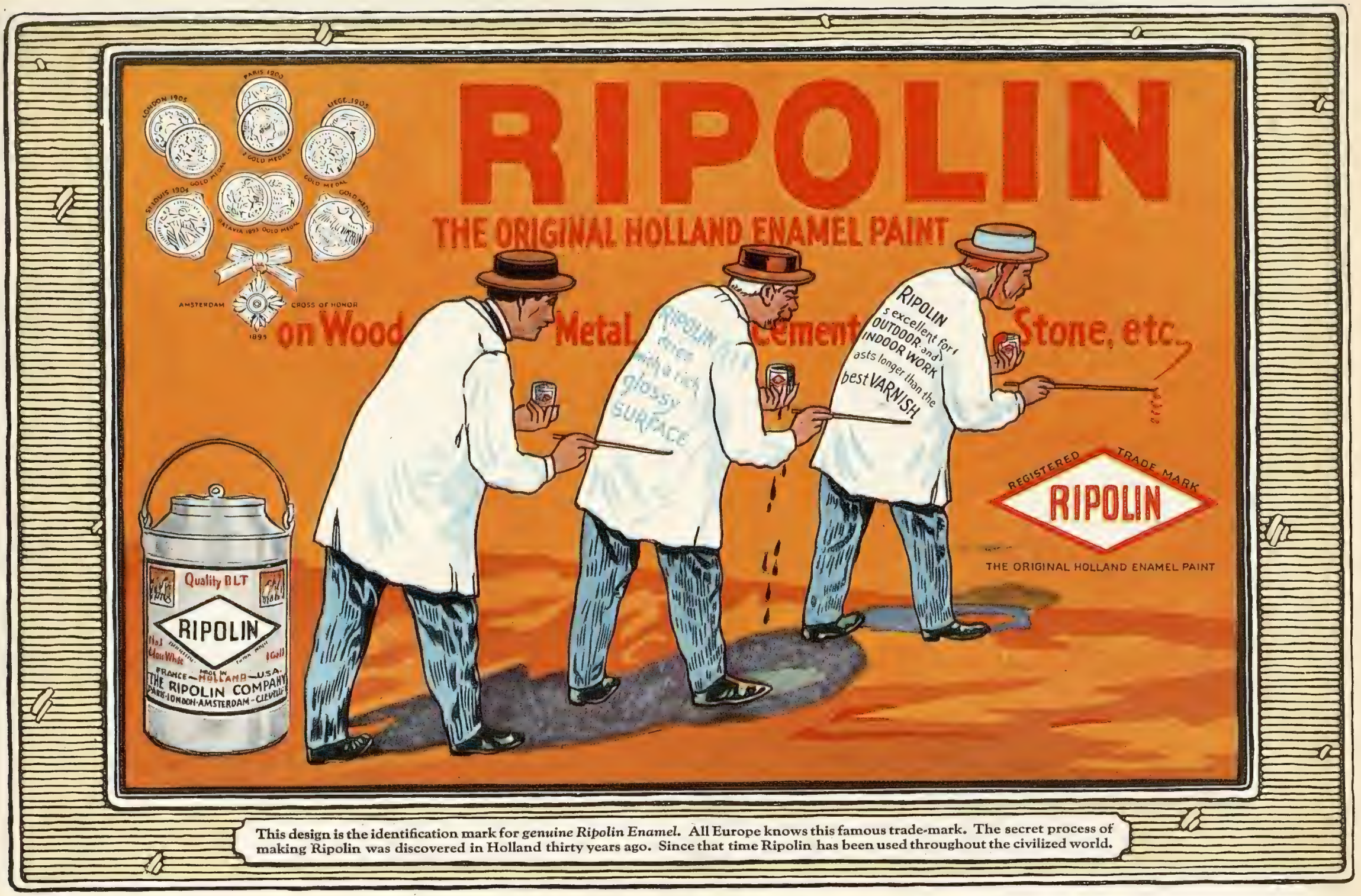
"Well, it ain't easy. I can remember them into the kitchen, all right, but it's comin' back. When I get to the table I have to look at the people to remember what belongs to who. As soon as I look at a girl's face I remember if she ordered a ham sandwich or spaghetti ah grattin."

Mabel was profusely grateful for my quarter tip.

"Come again, girlie. Don't forget, my tables is this one, that one, and that one."

As I paid my check at the desk I wondered if I looked to Mabel like Yankee pot roast. The subject of the association of faces and foods has endless possibilities.

THE END



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Known the World Over

WHEREVER painting is done by the peoples of the world, this most unusual mark is known. Throughout Europe, throughout America, in fact, EVERYWHERE, it represents the greatest attainment in Enamel manufacture. It is the international mark of Ripolin, the original Holland Enamel Paint.

For thirty years Ripolin, the famous Holland Enamel Paint, has been standard all over Europe. For more than twenty years its superior excellence has been recognized throughout America.

Not only in big, prominent structures, but in thousands of homes you will find Ripolin Enamel Paint today. Both exteriors and interiors—living rooms, dining rooms, bedrooms, bathrooms, kitchens—all have been beautifully and durably decorated with Ripolin at a less cost per room than is possible with lower cost enamels.

Today, in nearly every locality, the "paint store around the corner" has Ripolin in convenient-sized packages for your use. If you cannot locate a Ripolin dealer, write the nearest licensed distributor listed in the column opposite. Interesting literature, including a tint folder with suggestions and specifications, will be gladly sent you.

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HICKOK

The Gift of Gifts for a Man

A HICKOK *Christmas Set*

YOUR SEARCH for a Man's Gift can stop this minute. In the great Christmas assortments of Gifts for Men there is nothing to compare with a Hickok Belt and Buckle—nothing more widely and truly liked by men. Look at the wonderful HICKOK Sets shown in this advertisement. Never was a man's gift so engagingly packed or so effectively enveloped by an atmosphere of elegance and worth. You might not know it, but every man needs a new belt—he wants one for every suit. Your husband, brother, father or sweetheart will cherish a gift of a smart-looking, serviceable HICKOK Belt. It will touch his heart and pride.

HICKOK BUCKLES

The Sterling Silver Buckles are initialed and *engraved* with the precision and elegance associated only with precious metals. The Buckles of HICKOK PLATE are also beautifully engraved and initialed. HICKOK leathers are the finest in the world.

DESIGNED AND MADE IN

The Famous Hickok Shops in Rochester

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BELTS

BUCKLES : BELTOGRAMS

SET NO. 31

$5 Sterling Silver Beltogram and Buckle, with enamel inlay. Special HICKOK Belt. Other sets at $7.50 and more. In HICKOK PLATE at $3.00.

HICKOK Beltogram

A Correct Watch Guard

A dress accessory to attach to the Belt. It guards the watch perfectly. Fashionable and convenient. Packed in combination with HICKOK Belt and Buckle, or it may be purchased separately in an attractive case.

$1 and more

$2

SET NO. 21

Buckle of HICKOK PLATE with enamel inlay. Hickok Cowhide Belt as shown. Other sets at $1.00, $1.50, $3.00 and more.

MAIL ORDERS for all HICKOK Sets filled promptly.

Dipping cream centers in chocolate coating.

Christmas Candies

By ETHEL M. SOMERS

Ethel M. Somers, Ph.B., is a graduate of the Department of Home Economics, University of Chicago. She comes to Liberty after six years of teaching experience in both children's and adults' home economics classes. We hope her experience with foods will become yours and that you will bring your problems to her for solution.

AMERICANS annually spend more than a billion dollars for candy. This expenditure may be wise or foolish. Candy dollars may purchase a friend or foe. Candy well used functions to provide heat for biting winter days or to supply ample energy for ceaseless activity. Or these dollars may mean the buying of a villain—a partner in malnutrition. It is curious that candy should play so many rôles. When eaten at the close of a meal light in calories, you have been benefited. When eaten after a heating menu, you have been hurt. Sensible and sane candy-eating habits may advantageously be developed.

Candy making is a fascinating art.

Christmas candies to delight the whole family from the youngest to the eldest are set forth herewith in their festive, holiday wrappings.

Plain Fondant

(to make one pound)

2 cups sugar
½ cup water
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar

PUT all of the ingredients into a perfectly smooth saucepan and stir until the sugar is practically all dissolved. Place on a hot fire or quick flame, and stir until the sugar is *thoroughly* dissolved but be careful not to stir it after the sirup starts to boil. Wrap a fork with a piece of wet cheesecloth and use it to wash off the sides of the pan, removing any grains of sugar which may have adhered. (Remember that a single undissolved grain of sugar or the slightest stirring or jarring after the boiling point is reached may cause the candy to be grainy.) Cover the pan tightly during the first five minutes of boiling in order that the steam may collect and dissolve off any crystals of sugar which may have escaped being washed down. Remove the cover and boil to the soft ball stage or 238° Fahrenheit. Remove from the fire and after it ceases to bubble pour gently (do not pour from a height because of the jarring effect) on to a slightly dampened platter. Let cool to 77-104° Fahrenheit, or until the candy no longer feels warm to the hand. Beat with a spatula or knife or fork until it begins to crystallize. Pick up the candy quickly and knead vigorously. Pack in a tightly-covered earthen or glass dish, placing a dampened cloth directly on the candy to prevent its drying out. Fondant may be stored indefinitely and flavored and used as needed for chocolate creams, bon bons, cream patties, creamed fruits, mints, or icings. Should your results at first be unsatisfactory, add the original amount of water and cream of tartar and repeat as though you were starting out with sugar. Fondant failures may be recooked as many times as is necessary to get the desired results.

Cream Fondant

(used for 1½ lbs. of whipped cream chocolates)

2 cups granulated sugar
1 cup water
¼ teaspoon cream of tartar
1 egg white
¼ teaspoon flavoring

PREPARE as for plain fondant by cooking the sugar, water and cream of tartar together. Just before beating add the flavoring and stiffly beaten egg white. Continue as for plain fondant. Be sure to shape and dip whipped cream centers the day they are made as they ripen and soften on standing. This accounts for the fact that chocolates with such apparently juicy centers can be so well dipped and shaped. All chocolate creams should be ripened before using. Commercial candy factories allow a two weeks' ripening period. These three recipes for fondant centers may be varied by adding nuts, coconut, and cherries, or by changing the flavorings used.

Chocolate Fondant or Fudge

3 cups sugar
3 oz. chocolate or 4 tablespoons cocoa
⅛ teaspoon cream of tartar or 1 t. vinegar
1 cup milk
1 tablespoon butter
½ teaspoon vanilla

MIX the sugar, sliced chocolate, cream of tartar or acid (the purpose of this ingredient in all fondants is simply to make it easier for you to get a creamy product—it is not essential but helps in that it changes the granulated sugar to a kind which crystallizes less readily and therefore gives a creamier, finer-grained product), and the milk. Stir well until the sugar is thoroughly dissolved, washing down as you stir any crystals that may be on the sides of the pan. Do not stir the candy after it starts to boil. An occasional, gentle passing of the spoon over the bottom of the pan to prevent settling is permissible, but do not stir vigorously. Boil to 237° Fahrenheit or the soft ball stage. Remove from the fire and drop in the butter (do not stir it in). When cooled to 77° to 104° Fahrenheit add the vanilla and beat until it begins to crystallize or, in other words, until it turns lighter in color and thickens. Pour into a buttered plate and cool. No harm is done if the candy is poured out too soon, as the beating may be continued on the plate. If, however, the candy is beaten too long, it will harden in the pan.

Dipping the Fondant Centers

(for 3 to 5 lbs. of chocolates)

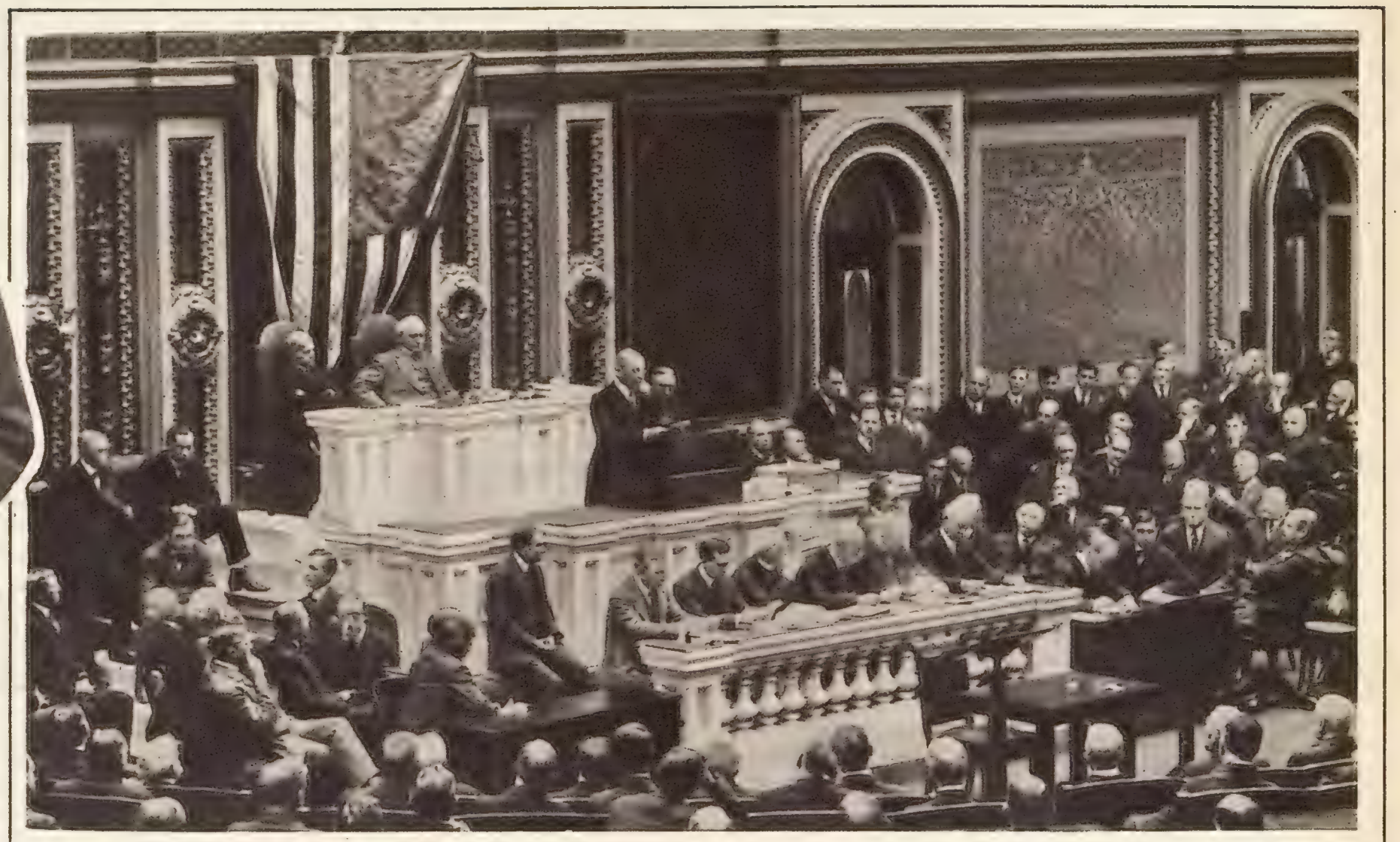
1 lb. bitter chocolate
½ lb. sweet chocolate
2 tablespoons grated cocoa butter

CUT the chocolate fine and mix well in a pan over hot water. (Tiny double boilers are excellent for dipping candy.) Remove from the fire as soon as the chocolate starts to melt. When it melts on both the sides and bottom of the pan, remove from the hot water and stir or beat until thoroughly melted. In commercial practice several tablespoons of melted paraffin are added. This may also be done in the home if you wish to sacrifice flavor for appearance. The caution to be observed in all chocolate dipping is not to heat the chocolate but simply warm it. It is a decided advantage to use a large quantity of chocolate when dipping as it will stay fluid long enough to permit the whole coating process. Chocolate may be satisfactorily remelted any number of times providing it is never heated too hot. Should the chocolate become thick at any time during the coating process place over water again and if this does not thin it add melted cocoa butter. Drop the shaped fondant centers one at a time into the melted chocolate. Remove with a small fork or bon bon dipper. Hold a minute to drain and place on waxed paper to harden.

Table for Cooking Candies and Sirups

Test	*Temperature*	*Use*
Thread stage—sirup when dropped from tip of a fork spins a three-inch thread.	*215° Fahrenheit*	*Frosting*
Soft ball stage—sirup when dropped into cold water can barely be picked up and shaped into a ball.	*238° Fahrenheit*	*Fondants and Fudge*
Hard ball stage—sirup when dropped into cold water may be picked up and shaped before cooling, but which, when thoroughly chilled, holds its shape on standing.	*251° Fahrenheit*	*Caramels*
Crack stage—sirup when dropped into cold water forms a hard ball which may be rapped against cup without sticking and will make a cracking noise.	*270° Fahrenheit*	*Taffy, Sea Foam, Divinity*
Hard crack or brittle stage—sirup when dropped into cold water becomes brittle and breaks on bending.	*292° Fahrenheit*	*Peanut Brittle and Vinegar Candy*
Caramel stage—when sirup has been heated sufficiently to turn brown and caramelize.	*340° Fahrenheit*	*Caramel Flavoring*

The stage all set for the dipping process.



President Wilson addressing the joint session of House and Senate regarding the German U-boat warning during the World War. Speaker Champ Clark is in the chair and just back of him is Vice President Marshall. At left—Mr. Marshall.
Central News photo. Marshall photo copyright by Harris & Ewing.

EIGHT YEARS SKIPPER *of the* SENATE

FIRST of Two Characteristic Articles in Which the Hoosier Statesman Reveals the Human Interest, Wit, and Wisdom One Encounters While Occupying the Vice Presidential Chair

By THOMAS R. MARSHALL

Vice President of the United States During the World War Period

TRAVELERS tell us that there is a point in Iceland where the rays of the setting and the rising sun commingle. He who looks upon the scene is uncertain as to whether he is viewing the glories of a sunset or the beauties of a sunrise. But whether sunrise or sunset, wisdom warns him to be cautious where he steps. Pitfalls and dangers are all about him.

In looking backward, it seems to me that the illustration above given is fairly representative of my entrance into the United States Senate.

The years have led me to conclude that I went there when an era was ending and a new one was beginning. Although I may, by way of parenthesis, express the hope that it is not a new era but a passing phase in government.

The word "class" with reference to life in our republic is distasteful to my democratic soul. And yet I know of no English word which is so expressive of the thought I have as this one. I am using it as expressive of that attitude of mind which separates men in every government.

I assume that to a greater or lesser extent every man is a chameleon. He takes hue and color from the work on which he is engaged.

Long years ago I filed an application for a change of venue from an irascible judge upon the ground that he was interested, biased, and prejudiced. He was compelled under the law to grant it, but could not restrain his indignation from asking me why I dared to suborn perjury.

It gave me the opportunity to express the view above stated—that he had been so long engaged as counsel for a railroad company that he thought in terms of engines and tracks and roundhouses, and not in the terms of justice.

So those who had long been in possession of the material wealth of the world; who were sleek and well fed; who controlled the making and output of all the necessaries of life; those who were doctors, and lawyers, and merchants, and manufacturers, and farmers; all who either from an intellectual or physical standpoint laid down rules and gave orders to their fellow men were commonly denominated as belonging to the bourgeoisie class.

There was a common bond of sympathy in their thoughts. Vested interest in property

The late Edward D. White, Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court.
American Press Association Photo.

was fully as important as vested interest in the rights of man. The autocratic or limited rule of kings had been superseded by the rule of those who hold the property of the world. Nor is it at all unnatural that men's conduct should be governed by the things which they see rather than by unseen things.

And so our government had been a government of those who, in this sense, I call a class.

The intellectuals, the vested interests men,

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

For Christmas

Ask Him For One!

On Christmas morning, when the curtains are pulled aside and the tree in all its splendor is disclosed to the happy, expectant children, be sure that among their gifts they will find a Hohner Harmonica.

There's nothing like good music for Christmas; and there's nothing like a Hohner for good music. Get a Hohner Harmonica today—50c up—and ask for the Free Instruction Book. If your dealer is out of copies, write M. Hohner, Inc., Dept. 157, New York City.

If you want a musical treat ask to hear Victor Record 19421, by Borrah Minevitch.

HOHNER HARMONICAS

How to care for

Dull Hair

You cannot expect hair which is naturally devoid of lustre to look brilliant or exceptionally bright after an ordinary shampoo. You must use a shampoo that is *different*—a shampoo that *will add real beauty* to your hair—GOLDEN GLINT Shampoo. This shampoo will make your hair look so much prettier, so much more attractive, that you will just love to fuss with it. In addition to the clean freshness any good shampoo gives, it offers something unusual, something new, something more than a promise. This "something" is a secret you'll discover with your first Golden Glint Shampoo. 25c a package at toilet counters or direct. *** J. W. Kobi Co., 660 Rainier Ave., Seattle, Wash.

Golden Glint SHAMPOO

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-ONE]

the property holders—in no offensive sense—ruled in this government. Such men, of course, sent to the Senate of the United States representatives who thought along the same line.

These men were rapidly disappearing when I entered the Senate. That a new order of thought had grown up in the land is, in my opinion, traceable to the folly of these men.

The world is always in danger of two things—government and lack of government. The Earl of Salisbury said to King Louis, "You are no king, for you cannot enforce justice."

The menace of all rule is not that it cannot but that it will not enforce justice.

This attention exclusively to the material things of life gave us the parliamentary system of government. When justly administered it is the finest and best the world has ever known. But, alas, in the effort to stabilize society, which is stabilized largely upon the things we have, greed enters in and divisions arise among the stabilizers and they cease to be rulers and become tyrants. Thus a protest arises against their rule, and more and more those who have not are demanding the right to say what those who have may hold or do.

THIS latter body of men have been denominated the proletariat, and the proletariat, through the unwise and grasping rule of the bourgeoisie, has been slowly rooting them out.

I express the hope that the rule of the proletariat will be only a phase in government. For already it is beginning to be disclosed that the rule of the man with nothing is as dictatorial as the rule of the man who has everything.

I am hoping that parliamentary government will be restored, not as the device of either bourgeoisie or proletariat, but as the device of the whole people.

The battle was on when I began to be the paid loafer of the American people. Men are by no means always beneficiaries of the principles for which they stand.

As a Democrat I had been taught to believe that all those who stood for the high protective system were simply robber barons enriching themselves. It was, therefore, a great surprise to me to find out that the leader of the Republicans, Senator Gallinger of New Hampshire, was a poor man. He lived in modest quarters and had no private fortune, yet there was no man in the Senate who was so thoroughly convinced that the prosperity of the American people depended upon the high protective tariff as he.

When there was an effort, which subsequently became successful, to make certain surgeons in the United States Navy eligible to the rank of rear admiral, a proposition which was solely for the benefit of Dr. Cary T. Grayson, the President's physician, Senator Gallinger became so excited over the subject as to inquire gravely of the chairman of the Committee on Naval Affairs whether this proposition extended also to horse doctors. It took a hearty laugh at the hands of the Senate to arouse him to the fact that there was no cavalry in the United States Navy.

AS part of this old order of government there remains the now fast disappearing idea of State rights. One of the ablest representatives of that idea was that polished gentleman and scholar from the State of Georgia, Senator Bacon. I have seen a card of his which read as follows:

AUGUSTUS OCTAVIUS BACON
A Senator from the
SOVEREIGN STATE OF GEORGIA
in the
SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES

That body was to him a deliberative body where nothing humorous, nothing common, ought ever to take place; where the old order must never change; where precedent was to be even stronger than statutory law.

He looked upon me as a wayward and unruly child of democracy. He felt that I had wandered off like a prodigal son and had wasted all the riches of precedent, to my great loss.

It may not be known to the American people, or, if ever known, has by this time doubtless been forgotten, but it is true that in some mysterious way, unknown to me, the chair in which Edward the Confessor was crowned was brought over from England and placed in the Senate of the United States for the use of the Vice President.

I used it for about one week. A little, dried up Hoosier, I found that my head extended about half way up the back of the chair, and by no possible means were my legs long enough to do what Lincoln said every man's legs should do—reach the floor—and so I sat there bobbing my head and scuffing the backs of my shoes until it became intolerable. I removed the chair and substituted the swivel.

Senator Bacon was horrified, and day after day he would come to me and say:

"Don't you think you would better bring back the old chair? It is so much more dignified. It has a great historical flavor about it. It ought to be back, and you ought to use it."

It was a hard thing to refuse him, but I had to tell him what I say now:

"I should like to be dignified, but I intend to be comfortable regardless."

The order of precedence of the old Senate which flowed out into the social life of Washington sometimes caused too sensitive hostesses great embarrassment.

I think there was nobody in Washington with whom I was on more friendly and agreeable terms than with the late Chief Justice White of the Supreme Court, and yet he was of the old order and never would knowingly accept an invitation where the Vice President was to be, for it was the custom of hostesses to seat the Vice President on their right and the Chief Justice on their left—a procedure which the Chief Justice insisted was erroneous; that they were each a representative of two of the coördinate branches of the government, and as the term of the Vice President was only for four years and the Chief Justice was for life, he was the ranking official.

I relieved one hostess who discovered this feeling in time to notify me by sending regrets to her dinner.

PERHAPS the ablest logician and lawyer of the old order on the Republican side was Elihu Root of New York. It took some courage to meet him in debate, and yet a slip of the tongue utterly discomfited him one day.

When the income tax provisions of the revenue bill were up for discussion Senator Root made a very logical presentation of the case against them. In the fervor of his argument, instead of referring to the rich men of New York as his constituents, he kept constantly repeating "my people."

At the close of his argument that very remarkable genius and unique character, Senator James Hamilton Lewis of Illinois, took the floor in answer.

In some mysterious way Senator Lewis had been enabled to obtain a list of the persons, firms, and corporations that Senator Root served as a lawyer. He read them, one after another, and made comments as to who "my people" were. I saw the Senator from New York first flush and then turn green and then white, and finally leave the chamber.

With that carelessness which is the mark of genius, Senator Lewis let his remarks go into the next day's Congressional Record, while Senator Root reserved his for correction.

When Senator Root's speech appeared "my people" had disappeared and "my constituents" had taken its place, and Senator Lewis' speech is still suspended, like Mahomet's coffin, in the Congressional Record. Had he chosen to avail himself of the rules of the United States Senate he could have compelled the return into Senator Root's speech of the words "my people."

Watch for another installment of former Vice President Marshall's interesting narrative in an early issue.

MEASURE YOUR OWN MIND

and Keep It to Yourself

By SEAMUS DILLON

Take a Pencil. Answer the Questions in This Article; Be Honest with Yourself---and You Won't Need a Psychologist to Tell You How Smart You Are. And, Whisper, if You Don't Pass the Test, Nobody Will Ever Know.

ONE of the surest ways to ruin an otherwise congenial party is for the hostess, beaming with pleasure at the surprise she has in store for you, to twitter:

"And now, people, all pull up to the table. I have a treat in store for you. We're going to have an intelligence test. Now, I'm going to pass these papers and when I say 'go' everybody——"

And the party becomes a moldering ruin. Strong men blanch and look for the nearest exit; the erstwhile belle of the bunch utters a prolonged giggle and, thinking she's about to be fed, applauds vigorously.

The husband of the hostess drinks raw gin and Gus Pratt, the chronic life of parties, discovers to his dismay that he has a violent headache. Gus is considered a bright guy and he's willing to let it go at that. What's the use flooding the neighborhood with facts?

So you'll agree with me that public intelligence tests are nothing to greet with three rousing cheers and a tiger or two. Not, mind you, that we're not all more or less interested in our individual mental calibres but our personal intellectual tonnages are, like our underwear, things of our very own, not to be kept constantly in the public mind.

If a man's a moron he'd as lief enjoy the secret alone, as he can if he keeps his mouth shut and doesn't write anything. On the other hand, if you're an Edison you don't have to do anything about it. The citizenry will get wise without help.

WHAT I'm getting at is that here's a mental test which you may indulge in propped up in bed, if you like. You can take it and, having marked yourself and discovered how lame you are above the eyes, forever hold your peace. All that you have to do is to answer these questions and rate yourself as directed and from henceforth go through life with your awful secret grappled to your bosom.

Of course, you're supposed to give yourself a square deal. One of the most futile things in life is to cheat yourself. If you are convinced that you can't trust yourself where you are concerned, then don't bother with this because what you'll find out won't be worth knowing inasmuch as it will be just one more fragment of useless information for your skull to contain.

It is the work of Dr. John J. B. Morgan, professor of psychology in the University of Iowa, and was handed to me by Dr. D. R. Brimhall of the Psychological Corporation in New York City. I took it and while I'm not going to make public my score I'll go as far as to say that a large number of my friends would say: "There's no news in that."

Read every word of the subjoined test. Do precisely as you are instructed. You have forty minutes to complete (time out for mirthless laughter) the whole thing. Do as many of them as you can. Try them in the order they are set down. If you come across one which stops you, pass on to the next.

Also you will notice that the answers are given in a few cases. Don't let this bother you; they are only trying to confuse you. So Let's Go:

1. How many are 20 pins and 5 pins? Answer: .....
   The answer is 25 pins, so write 25 after the word "Answer."
2. If you had 10 cents and spent 6 cents how much would you have left? Answer.....
3. Put on the blank lines the two numbers that should come next: 3 4 5 6 7 8 .... The two numbers are 9 and 10. Put 9 on the first blank line and a 10 on the second.
4. What month is this? .....
5. Put on the blank lines the two numbers that should come next: 8 7 6 5 4 3 .... The numbers are 2 and 1. Put 2 and 1 on the two lines.
6. Put one word on the blank line to make a good sentence: The sky .... blue. Be sure to write "is" in the blank space. The sentence will then read: "The sky is blue."
7. What year is this? .....
8. Put one word in the blank space to make a good sentence: The ..... barks at the cat.
9. Write on the line the piece of men's clothing that can be spelled with these letters: E I T. ..... The right word is TIE, so write "tie" on the blank line.
10. Put the right word on the blank line: DAY is to NIGHT as WHITE is to ..... You should write BLACK on the blank line, because BLACK is the opposite of WHITE just as NIGHT is the opposite of DAY.
11. Put one word in each blank space so as to make a good sentence. The sun rises in the .....; it sets in the .....
12. Put on the blank lines the two numbers that should come next: 10 15 20 25 30 35 ....
13. Put a cross (X) before the best answer to this question: Why are shoes made of leather?
    .....Because leather is tanned.
    .....Leather wears well and is warm.
    .....Because leather can be blackened.
    Shoes are made of leather because leather wears well and is warm; so be sure to put a cross before the second answer. Make no mark before the others.
14. Write on the line the piece of men's clothing that can be spelled with these letters: A H T .....
15. Put a cross before the best answer to this question: Why is it wise to save money and not spend it all?
    .....In order to get ready for old age or sickness.
    .....So that you can collect different kinds of money.
    .....So that you can gamble if you wish.
16. Write on the line the piece of men's clothing that can be spelled with these letters: A C P .....
17. Put the right word on the blank line: MAN is to BOY as CAT is to ..... You should write KITTEN on the blank line, because a KITTEN is a young CAT, just as a BOY is a young MAN.
18. If you bought 4 cents' worth of candy and gave the man a quarter, how much change would you get? Answer .....
19. Put on the blank lines the two numbers that should come next: 3 6 9 12 15 18 ....
20. Write on the line the piece of men's clothing that can be spelled with these letters: L E B T .....
21. What two coins add up to 10 cents?
    ...halves. ...quarters. ...dimes. ...nickels. ...pennies.
    Two nickels are the only two coins that will make 10 cents; so put 2 before "nickels." Put nothing in the other spaces.
22. Put one word in each blank to make a good sentence:
    In ..... the days are long; in winter they are .....
23. Put a cross before the most important difference:
    The most important difference between IRON and COAL is that:
    .....Coal will burn more easily than iron.
    .....Coal is blacker than iron.
    .....Iron has to be extracted from ore.
    You should put a cross before the first difference. While coal is blacker than iron and while iron has to be extracted from the ore and coal does not, the MOST IMPORTANT difference is that coal will burn more easily than iron.
24. Put the right word on the blank line: SHOE is to FOOT as HAT is to .....
25. Put a cross before the most important difference:
    The most important difference between a FISH and a DOG is:
    .....A fish's ears are smaller than a dog's.
    .....A fish's tail is shorter and flatter than a dog's.
    .....A fish lives in the water, while the dog lives on land.
26. Write on the line the piece of men's clothing that can be spelled with these letters: T C A O .....
27. Put the right word on the blank line: FATHER is to SON as MOTHER is to .....
28. Put one word in each blank space to make a good sentence: The boy will ..... his hand if ..... plays with fire.
29. Put a cross before the best answer to this question: Why is beef better food than cabbage?
    .....Because it tastes better.
    .....Because it is harder to get.
    .....Because it is more nourishing.

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

Corns

Lift Off–No Pain!

Doesn't hurt one bit! Drop a little "Freezone" on an aching corn, instantly that corn stops hurting, then shortly you lift it right off with fingers.

Your druggist sells a tiny bottle of "Freezone" for a few cents, sufficient to remove every hard corn, soft corn, or corn between the toes, and the foot calluses, without soreness or irritation.

INGERSOLL'S

AMAZING NEW INVENTION

Robt. H. Ingersoll, to whom the world owes the Dollar Watch and the first line of low priced dependable watches, is now bringing before the American public another article of great economic value—the Ingersoll Dollar Stropper; an ingenious invention for resharpening all makes of safety razor blades; including Gillette, Auto-Strop, Star, Durham, Duplex, Eversharp, etc.

The INGERSOLL Dollar Stropper

is constructed on an entirely new principle. It is so designed as to automatically bring the edge of the blade in contact with the leather strop at the proper angle, thus insuring a keen cutting edge. It can be used by anyone without skill or practice. The user cannot fail to get a supersharp edge.

A Real Christmas Gift

Give him an Ingersoll Stropper and he will feel grateful to you as long as he lives. The first time he uses it he will think it a God-send. There is almost magic in the speed, comfort and pleasure to be had by the use of the INGERSOLL.

Ten Days' Trial It is the unanimous verdict that the Ingersoll Dollar Stropper is a real boon to the man who shaves. It is more than an accessory to your shaving kit—it is a life investment in a new kind of shaving comfort which you never dreamed would come to you. It costs no more than a few blades and will save you all future blade money and all the dull-blade torment. Send $1.00 for complete Outfit, including patent Stropper (blade holder) and fine leather Strop. Use it 10 days and if you do not get the most comfortable, quickest and cleanest shaves you ever had, return it and we will return your $1 at once.

Robt. H. Ingersoll, Pres., New Era Mfg. Co., Dept. 5312, 476 Broadway, N. Y. C.

WANTED
This clever invention is meeting with nation-wide approval — in fact it is sweeping the country. We want good men to present it to the millions of men who are just waiting for it. No experience required. Sells at sight. Write for agents' terms.

Robt. H. Ingersoll, Pres., New Era Mfg. Co., Dept. 5312, 476 Broadway, New York City.
I enclose $1 for which send me one Ingersoll Dollar Stropper complete, including the Ingersoll Specially Prepared Leather Strop.
It is understood that I can return the Stropper in 10 days if not satisfied, and that you will return my dollar.

Name .....

Address .....

I use a .....

☐ For information about Agent's Plan place an X in this box.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE THIRTY-THREE]

30. What six coins add up to 10 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.
Five pennies and one nickel add up to 10 cents. No other six coins will make 10 cents; so put a 1 before "nickels" and a 5 before "pennies."

31. Put the right word on the blank line: DOOR is to HOUSE as GATE is to .....

32. Make a cross before the most important difference: The most important difference between a DOOR and a WINDOW is:
.....A door is larger than a window.
.....More windows than doors are needed in a house.
.....A door is an entrance for people; a window for light.

33. Write on the line the piece of men's clothing that can be spelled with these letters: U S T I .....

34. Put the right word on the blank line: SKIN is to BODY as BARK is to .....

35. Divide 8 into 5,856. Answer .....

36. Put the right word on the blank line: ABOVE is to BELOW as TOP is to .....

37. Put a cross before the best answer to this question: Why are criminals locked up?
.....To protect society.
.....To get even with them.
.....To make them work.

38. Multiply 8,754 by 8. Answer .....

39. Put the right word on the blank line: LOVE is to FRIEND as HATE is to .....

40. Make a cross before the most important difference: The most important difference between SAND and CLAY is that:
.....Sand is better for children to play in.
.....Clay wears one's shoes less than sand.
.....Sand is more gritty than clay.

41. Put the right word on the blank line: WASH is to FACE as SWEEP is to .....

42. Put a cross before the most important difference: The most important difference between GLASS and PAPER is:
.....Glass is more expensive than paper.
.....Glass is thicker than paper.
.....Glass lets through more light than paper.

43. Put the right word on the blank line: MAN is to ARM as TREE is to .....

44. If John is older than Fred and Fred is older than Tom:
Is John older or younger than Tom? Answer: .....
Is Fred older or younger than John? Answer: .....
Is Tom older or younger than John? Answer: .....

45. Put the right word on the blank line: SWIM is to WATER as FLY is to .....

46. I have five cigars and Joe has four cigars. Tom comes along and we see that he has not any. We want all three of us to have the same number. If I give Tom two cigars, how many must Joe give him so that all three of us have the same number? Answer .....

47. Put the right word on the blank line: COLD is to ICE as HOT is to .....

48. Put one word in the blank space to make a good sentence: Water never flows ..... hill.

49. Make a cross before the most important difference: The most important difference between LEATHER and RUBBER is:
.....Rubber will stretch more easily than leather.
.....Leather has not as bad a smell when burned.
.....Rubber makes more springy heels for shoes.

50. Put one word in each blank space to make a good sentence: Warm ..... is lighter in weight than ..... air.

51. Write on the blank lines the two numbers that should come next: 1 2 4 8 16 32 ....

52. Put the right word on the blank line: HOUR is to DAY as DAY is to .....

53. What three coins add up to 85 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.

54. Write on the line the piece of men's clothing that can be spelled with these letters: N S A T P .....

55. Put the right word on the blank line: BOOK is to WRITER as STATUE is to .....

56. Put one word in each blank space to make a good sentence: Very few people ..... how to spend time and ..... to the best advantage.

57. What three coins add up to 35 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.

58. Put one word in each blank space to make a good sentence: It takes more ..... to ..... a train to move than it does to keep it .....

59. What four coins add up to 41 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.

60. What three coins add up to 16 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.

61. Write on the line the piece of men's clothing that can be spelled with these letters: L A O R L C .....

62. Write on the blank lines the two numbers that should come next: 16 17 15 18 14 19 ....

63. Put the right word on the blank line: MINUTE is to SECOND as HOUR is to .....

64. What four coins add up to 30 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.

65. What four coins add up to 70 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.

66. Put one word in each blank space to make a good sentence: Extremely old ..... sometimes .....almost as ..... care as children.

67. Make a cross before the most important difference: The most important difference between IRON and STEEL is:
.....Steel is heavier than iron.
.....Iron is softer than steel.
.....Steel is more commonly used for knives.

68. What seven coins add up to 25 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.

69. Put one word in each blank space to make a good sentence: Glass, when given a blow, ... more ..... than tin.

70. What five coins add up to 96 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.

71. Suppose the clock says it is now twenty-two minutes after six. Now suppose the two hands of the clock were to trade places, so that the large hand takes the place where the small hand was and the small hand takes the place where the large hand was. What time would the clock then say? Answer.....

72. What six coins add up to 73 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.

73. Write on the line the piece of men's clothing than can be spelled with these letters: E R G R A T. .....

74. What five coins add up to 46 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.

75. Write on the line the piece of men's clothing that can be spelled with these letters: R W R D A E S. .....

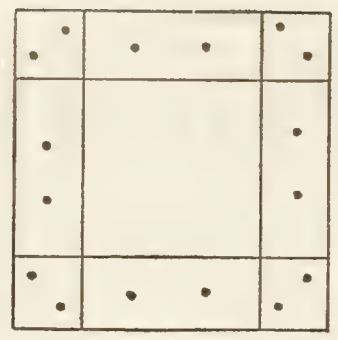
76. What six coins add up to 36 cents?
.....halves. .....quarters. .....dimes. .....nickels. .....pennies.

77. Suppose the clock says it is now eight minutes after eight. Now suppose the two hands of the clock were to trade places so that the large hand takes the place where the small hand was and the small hand takes the place where the large hand was. What time would the clock say? Answer.....

78. Five men are climbing a mountain and have reached different levels. If Bill is below Tom, Joe is above Tom, Bill is above Sam, and Tom is the same height as Paul:
Is Joe above or below Bill? Answer.....
Is Paul above or below Bill? Answer.....
Is Joe above or below Sam? Answer.....
Is Paul above or below Joe? Answer.....

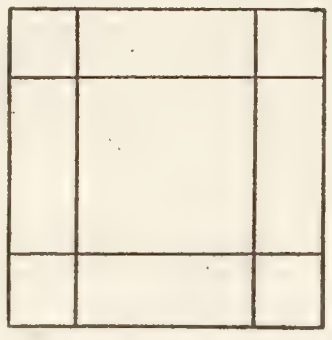
79. Write on the lines the two numbers that should come next: 2 3 5 8 12 17 ....

80. Suppose you had sixteen pebbles, placed as follows, each dot representing a pebble:

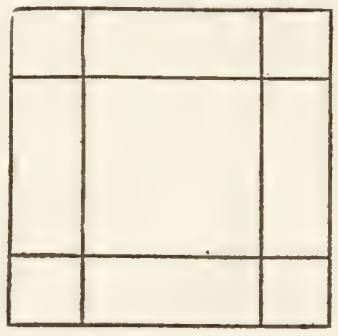


The total number of pebbles included in the entire border along any one side, counting both corners in each side, would be six.

Indicate by dots in the figure to the right how you would arrange the same sixteen pebbles so as to have seven pebbles on each of the four sides.



Indicate by dots in the figure to the right how you would arrange the same sixteen pebbles so as to have five pebbles on each of the four sides.



81. Suppose the clock says it is now fourteen minutes before three. Now suppose the two hands of the clock were to trade places so that the large hand takes the place where the small hand was and the small hand takes the place where the large hand was. What time would the clock then say? Answer.....

82. What seven coins add up to 57 cents?
....halves ....quarters ....dimes ....nickels ....pennies

83. Put one word in each blank space to make a good sentence: The ..... seems ..... and dreary ..... a discouraged .....

84. Suppose Carl is richer than Fred, Abe is richer than Dan, Fred is just as rich as Abe, Ben is richer than Carl, and Jack is poorer than Dan:

Is Dan richer or poorer than Ben?
Answer .....

Is Abe richer or poorer than Ben?
Answer .....

Is Ben richer or poorer than Jack?
Answer .....

Is Carl richer or poorer than Dan?
Answer .....

85. Write on the blank lines the two numbers that should come next: 19 16 14 11 9 6 ....

86. Write on the blank lines the two numbers that should come next: 81 27 9 3 1 1-3 ....

87. Put one word in each blank to make a good sentence: One ought to ..... great care in choosing the right ..... of ..... for one who ..... wicked friends ..... be tempted to do ..... acts.

88. Put on the blank lines the two numbers that should come next: 3 6 8 16 18 36 ....

89. A man went to a farmer to buy three pints of milk. The farmer had nothing but a five-pint pail and an eight-pint pail with which to measure. Without guessing, he succeeded in measuring out exactly three pints of milk with the help of these two pails.

Make a 1 before the first thing he did, make a 2 before the second thing he did, and make a 3 before the last thing he did in order to measure out the three pints.

.....Emptied the five-pint pail.

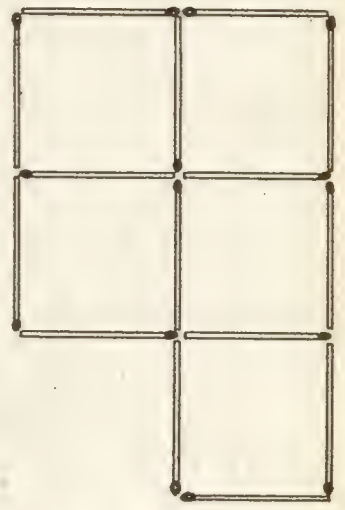
.....Filled the eight-pint pail.

.....Filled the five-pint pail from the eight-pint pail.

90. Suppose you had seven match sticks placed this way:

You would have two squares. Now, if you picked up the three marked with a cross you would have one square left and no extra matches.

Suppose you had fifteen matches placed as they are at the right:



Cross out the THREE matches that you would pick up so as to leave just THREE squares and leave no extra matches.

91. Write on the line the piece of men's clothing that can be spelled with these letters: W R A S E T E .....

92. A man went to a farmer to buy three pints of milk. The farmer had nothing but a five-pint pail and a seven-pint pail with which to measure. Without guessing at the amount, he succeeded in measuring out exactly three pints of milk with these two pails. Below are listed the different things he did. Mark them from 1 to 5 in the order in which he did them.

.....Filled the seven-pint pail from the five-pint pail.
.....Filled the five-pint pail.
.....Emptied the seven-pint pail.
.....Filled the five-pint pail.
.....Emptied the five-pint pail into the seven-pint pail.

93. Write on the line the article of men's clothing that can be spelled with these letters: D O R O F S X .....

Here Are the Correct Answers to the Above Questions

With the Answers You Will Find the Scores to Credit Yourself for Each Correct Answer

AND NOW to garner the evil tidings. Now for the scoring. You've killed off forty priceless minutes plumbing your mentality and exercising such things as your powers of recall and recognition, retentiveness and concentration, alertness and grasp.

Keeping in mind the scientific fact that the score of the average bright college man is one hundred and twenty-five and that you can't possibly make more than one hundred and seventy-five, mark your earnest efforts as follows:

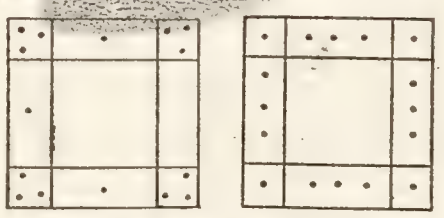
For every correct answer to questions one to forty-three inclusive, give yourself one point. Questions forty-four to sixty-eight inclusive, receive two points each; sixty-nine to eighty-six inclusive, three points each; eighty-seven to ninety-three inclusive, four points each.

If you score more than one hundred and twenty you are in grade A. From ninety-five to one hundred and twenty puts you in grade B. If your score is between seventy and seventy-nine you're C plus but if it ranges from forty-three to sixty-nine you are just C. You are in the C minus grade if you rate between twenty-four and forty-two, and in the D grade if you can't do better than rank between fifteen and twenty-three. If you fall below fifteen it might be just as well if you'd surrender at once before the authorities get rough.

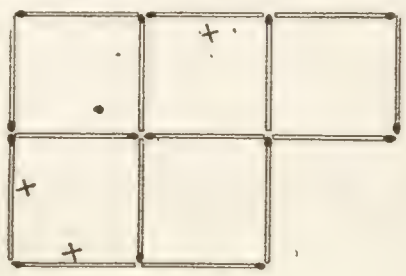
It is a nice pastime for any sort of an evening—provided you can stand the shock of the result.

Question	Credit for correct answer	Answer
1.	1.	25
2.	1.	4
3.	1.	9-10
4.	1.	Current month
5.	1.	2-1
6.	1.	Is
7.	1.	Current year
8.	1.	Dog
9.	1.	Tie
10.	1.	Black
11.	1.	East, west, or morning, evening
12.	1.	40-45
13.	1.	Second answer
14.	1.	Hat
15.	1.	First answer
16.	1.	Cap
17.	1.	Kitten
18.	1.	21
19.	1.	21-24
20.	1.	Belt

The correct diagrammatic answer to question 80 is:



The correct diagrammatic answer to question 90 is:



Question	Credit for correct answer	Answer
21.	1.	Two nickels
22.	1.	Summer—short or cold
23.	1.	First answer
24.	1.	Head
25.	1.	Third answer
26.	1.	Coat
27.	1.	Daughter
28.	1.	Burn, he
29.	1.	Third answer
30.	1.	One nickel, five pennies
31.	1.	Fence, yard, garden
32.	1.	Third answer
33.	1.	Suit
34.	1.	Tree
35.	1.	732
36.	1.	Bottom
37.	1.	First answer
38.	1.	70,032
39.	1.	Enemy or a synonym
40.	1	Third answer
41.	1.	Floor, house, or equivalent
42.	1.	Third answer
43.	1.	Branch, root, or limb
44.	2.	Older, younger, younger
45.	2.	Air, sky, or equivalent
46.	2.	One
47.	2.	Fire, water, stove, steam
48.	2.	Up
49.	2.	First answer
50.	2.	Air, cold
51.	2.	64, 128
52.	2.	Week, month, year
53.	2.	One half, one quarter, one dime
54.	2.	Pants
55.	2.	Sculptor or artist
56.	2.	Know—money
57.	2.	One quarter, two nickels
58.	2.	Force, start, moving, or equivalent
59.	2.	Quarter, dime, nickel, penny
60.	2.	One dime, one nickel, one penny
61.	2.	Collar
62.	2.	13-20

Question	Credit for correct answer	Answer
63.	2.	Minute
64.	2.	Two dimes, two nickels
65.	2.	Two quarters, two dimes or half, one dime, two nickels
66.	2.	People, need, much, or equivalent
67.	2.	Second answer
68.	2.	Two dimes, five pennies
69.	3.	Breaks, easily (any good English)
70.	3.	Half, quarter, two dimes, penny
71.	3.	4:30 to 4:34
72.	3.	Half, two dimes, three pennies
73.	3.	Garter
74.	3.	Quarter, dime, two nickels, penny
75.	3.	Drawers
76.	3.	Two dimes, three nickels, penny
77.	3.	1:38 to 1:43
78.	3.	Above, above, above, below
79.	3.	23-30
80.	3.	See diagram in second column at left
81.	3.	9:12 to 9:16
82.	3.	Quarter, two dimes, two nickels, two pennies
83.	3.	Day, long, to, man, or any good English
84.	3.	Poorer, poorer, richer, richer
85.	3.	4-1
86.	3.	One-ninth, one-twenty-seventh
87.	4.	Any good English
88.	4.	38-76
89.	4.	Numbers should be 3-1-2 from top to bottom.
90.	4.	See diagram in second column at left
91.	4.	Sweater
92.	4.	4, 3 or 1; 5, 1 or 3, 2
93.	4.	Oxfords

This Marriage Business

THE Wretchedness of Loneliness Seizes Both Jim and Kathleen and Even the Telephone Seems to Be in the Conspiracy to Keep Them Apart

Jim—I might as well admit the truth. I want to be back with Kathleen so strongly I am half tempted to go back on any terms.

TENTH INSTALLMENT

The Husband's Side—By Jim

THIS is my third day at the club and I can conceive of no more uncomfortable place. I was thinking of filing plenty of complaints with the house committee, but they would think that I was a grouch. Which reminds me that Kathleen said I had become grouchy.

I might as well admit the truth. It is not the club. It is myself out of gear. I want to be back with Kathleen so strongly I am half tempted to go back on any terms, to forget that it really was she who turned me out.

Everything goes wrong at the office. I cannot do my work with my peace of mind destroyed this way. Instead of thinking of ways to land contracts, I am thinking of ways to smooth over my own troubles for the readjustment of the contract with Kathleen. The marriage business now seems to me the bigger business.

I have heard the term uxorious. Am I that way? It begins to look like it. I am weakening after all the brainstorm and all the vows to be firm. Kathleen has a hold on me that I cannot shake, even if I would want to.

Now there are some men who can see humor in a thing like this, a tragedy that looms bigger to me hour by hour, even minute by minute. For instance, there is Jones, who has moved into the club after a storm at home. He is quite jovial over it.

"Going to stay here till I am invited back," he said. "I am not going to surrender nor will I be taken alive. I am not going back until I am assured the honors of war."

Eventually Jones will return to his home and all will go well there until the next time. Perhaps this gives both of the Joneses a rest from each other.

A lady novelist planned her life so that she would have breakfast with her husband only occasionally. In three days I have had all of the solitary club breakfasts I care to have in a whole lifetime. The food chokes me. I cannot eat it. I see Kathleen looking across the table at me sorrowfully and accusingly.

At night I sit in the lounge room and am bored to death. I have not the heart to play cards. I merely sit and brood. To those who try to start a friendly conversation I am curt or absent. They are wondering why I am here. It seems to me that some of them smile offensively.

Jones came in, quite drunk, and stumbled over to where I was sitting. He lurched into a chair and said to me gravely, "Old man, take the advice of a veteran campaigner. Fight it out along these lines if it takes all winter. Never surrender unconditionally. If you give in—if any of us give in, the wives have got us in slavery the rest of our days."

I rose angrily and went to my room. So they all seemed to have guessed that there was something wrong at my home. They pitied me or they laughed at me, even that little fool Jones. He hailed me as one in the same boat with himself, a husband who bickered with his wife, who was too weak, too boorish or too idiotic to be able to manage his domestic affairs without open disputes.

I MADE up my mind that if this lasted I, at least, would leave the club and go to a hotel. There are too many gossips here, too many who, having no domestic life of their own, must take up their time and thoughts wondering about the domestic life of those who have. My ears were tingling. I felt that the whole club must be talking of Kathleen and me.

That irritation soon wore away, and I became melancholy. What was Kathleen doing now? Certainly that coldness was assumed. She probably was feeling as badly as I was, if not worse. She had told me that when she was a girl she liked to be alone, but since we married she dreaded it.

Certainly she must be suffering now. I reached over to the telephone. I thought of a pretext to speak to her without speaking what was in my heart. That would not do. I finally decided to tell her that I would send for my trunk and I would ask her if she would be so kind——

Of course, if she broached the subject of a quick reconciliation I would welcome that. Hypocrite! That is what I wanted to pave the way for. If she had sent me my trunk I think I would have gone utterly mad.

Finally I took the receiver off the hook with a very unsteady hand and called the familiar number. The girl was so slow. Finally I could hear that she was connected with the apartment and the bell was ringing monotonously.

At any moment I would hear Kathleen's voice. I was shaking all over. But the bell rang and rang. Finally the operator cut in. "The number does not answer," she said.

This gave me something of a shock. There was no use arguing. The girl was positive and I was not going to make myself ridiculous. Why did Kathleen not answer? Could she be too ill? That hardly could be.

I began to pace the floor and ponder over it all. I hardly could resist the impulse to dash into a cab and hurry to the apartment. But my pride was still strong enough to hold me back from that. She did not answer.

Then she was not at home. Where was Kathleen? I asked myself. I could not sleep that night.

—The Strain of Separation

By JIM and KATHLEEN

Pictures by FREDERIC ANDERSON

The Wife's Side—By Kathleen

IT'S so lonely, I don't know whether I'm going to be able to stand it. It's only three days since Jim left me. It seems three years. My sheer wretchedness is now so deep I wonder I could have taken it so calmly the night he went. Life itself is lonely enough without trying to see it through all alone.

I miss Jim so. I'm not such a fool that in three days I've forgotten how unfeeling he was in going off so abruptly; nor how grouchy he was all the time before. But I don't care. I want him back with me anyway.

I can't help but think all the time of a line in a play we saw together in the winter, The Show-Off. One of the daughters says to the mother, "Well, ma, it's better to fight than be lonesome." I thought of it at the time, but I never dreamed the real force of it was going to hit me like this. Maybe for all natures that isn't true. But I know it is for mine. Anything rather than this emptiness.

Time hangs so heavy. What am I to do with myself? He had become really the center of my existence. My days revolved around him. I got up for his breakfast. I spent the day about the business of his house—our house, of course, but its whole organization went around him, his needs, his pleasures.

Perhaps that is where I made my mistake—in ceasing to exist for myself. Perhaps I felt the want of a life of my own, and that is what made me irritable. Perhaps he felt the weight of another personality hanging upon him, and that is what made him grouchy.

I couldn't let him sit around with all the lights burning their heads off. I couldn't let him drive too fast over skiddy streets. I couldn't let him alone, that's true. But wasn't it only just that I should have some say?

And suppose I had stood out for a life of my own, what kind of a home would we have had, because I am not particularly talented. And I would have had to work hard for whatever I tried to get out of life. And yet, if I had tried, if I had stood out for something separate of my own, would I now be so abject in my loneliness?

Loneliness is bad. But emptiness is worse.

The awful thing is that I suddenly find myself with no reason for existence. I suppose none of us has, as far as that goes; but we save ourselves by pretending we have, by finding something in relation to which we can take on an importance. I thought I had found that in Jim. I thought I was not only important to him but necessary. I suppose that is why I secretly delighted in the idea of his helplessness in small practical things. Spiritually and materially, I thought he really looked to me for everything. In fact, it never occurred to me that he could actually live without me.

And now he walks out of the house, without the quiver of an eyelid. Rather as a person walking out of bondage to his freedom.

Yesterday, the second day, I couldn't stand it any longer. I thought he must be sick, or something had happened. Perhaps he had gone away to think things out by himself. So I rang up the office, disguising my voice. I firmly expected them to tell me he wasn't there. But no! They said he was busy on another line, and would I wait just a minute!

I hung up. And began to cry.

I think I cried more from anger than anything else! The picture of him, talking glibly on the phone, business going on as usual, while I sat alone in emptiness, eating my heart out!

I wonder if I could get a job at anything. What could I do? There is only one thing I can do and do well, and that is do my own work in a small apartment. But where could I sell that? I am not experienced enough really to be a managing housekeeper on a big scale; the only scale on which people hire this work done.

I'd be a competent house servant for someone. That's what I am here. But there are such things as pride and social status and all that. I haven't that sort of indifference. I could not bear to do it.

Why didn't I train myself for something as a girl and stick to it, as Jim did? Then he might be telephoning me in a scared, disguised voice, and hear I was busy on another line.

The next installment, to appear in an early issue, will contain a delightful surprise for those who have been following this very human series of narratives of Jim and Kathleen's marital affairs.

Kathleen—Time hangs so heavy. What am I to do with myself? He had become really the center of my existence. My days revolved around him.

Alla's Holiday is Over

And so is Connie Talmadge's; Alice, however, is still taking a well deserved rest from screen labors

Captions by Alva Taylor

WHAT'S BECOME OF CONNIE TALMADGE? Well, for one thing, she's been traveling in Europe. And, for another, she has gone back to work. Her Night of Romance will be released shortly, and Norma's kid sister will be back on the screen where she belongs.
Alexander Photo.

A DISCOVERY OF MAJOR RUPERT HUGHES, Eleanor Boardman's star has climbed steadily higher in the movie firmament, through her pleasing personality and ability. She made her first success in Major Hughes' satire on life in Hollywood, Souls for Sale.
C. S. Bull Photo.

FRESH FROM A LONG VACATION, Alla Nazimova, who has not made a picture since her sensational Salome, returns to the screen in Madonna of the Streets with Milton Sills playing opposite her.
Photo by Spur.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY, ETC., ETC., holds good for the girls as well as the Jacks, and Alice Brady has been taking a rest. It is rumored that you may see her in vaudeville before she eturns to the Kleigs.
Strauss & Peyton Photo.

The Narrow Street

A Movie Review by Alva Taylor

THE NARROW STREET
From the Novel by Edwin Bateman Morris
Directed by William Baudine
Produced by Warner Brothers
CAST:

Doris	*Dorothy Devore*
Simon Haldane	*Matt Moore*
Ray Wyeth	*David Butler*
Garvey	*Russell Simpson*
Nell (the stenographer)	*Gertrude Short*
Aunt Albina	*Kate Toncray*
Aunt Agnes	*Tempe Pigott*
Edgar Deems	*George Pearce*
Easter	*Madame Sultevan*
The Office Boy	*Joe Butterworth*

Doris (Dorothy Devore) just dropped into the house of Simon Haldane (Matt Moore) one night to evade the police. She plays sick so that she won't have to go away.

IF YOU are fed up on heavy dramas of the screen, with their intrigues, villains, vampires, million dollar parties, fashion displays, and bids for your stirred emotions and your tears, you will welcome to your heart and eyes a good, straightforward, laughable comedy.

And we don't mean the kind in which custard pies are provided in large quantities for non-edible purposes, nor the kind in which a wild game of tag is played over the housetops, nor yet the kind of comedy in which the heights of humor are reached when the hero finds himself in intimate contact with the contents of a molasses barrel or a flour sack.

Not that we don't enjoy this type of comedy as well as the next person when it is done by the right people. But The Narrow Street is different, although equally full of fun. It is an extremely interesting comedy, with plenty of heart interest, a little bit of mystery, and the right amount of suspense. It ought to make all members of the family laugh, and the head of the house, alias the tired business man, forget for the moment that the income tax is coming around again.

THE NARROW STREET is the story of the turning of a worm. It's one of those business romances in which the under dog comes out in the end victoriously holding down the chair in the business manager's office, instead of a pen at the desk of an under clerk.

The hero, if so meek and unromantic a figure as Simon Haldane can be called such, is an absent-minded young bachelor who punches a time clock punctually every morning at ten minutes to nine, has two maiden aunts who remind him when it is time to change to his heavy winter underwear, keeps a cat and a memorandum book, and has never had a thrill in his life. He is the kind of man who wears rubbers if it looks at all like rain, and whose tailor's bill for the pressing of trousers is a negligible quantity. At the office he is the butt of all jokes and holds the position of insignificant clerk.

One night a girl, who for some reason wishes to evade the police, slips into his house during a storm and sleeps on his parlor sofa. When Simon comes downstairs in the morning he finds that his bachelor sanctuary has been invaded and that he has a young woman on his hands who will not get out. He can't put her out because by feigning illness and putting the thermometer the doctor gives her into some hot water, the young woman lays claim to a fever and is put to bed in Simon's spare bedroom. The doctor whom Simon has called in assumes that she is Mrs. Haldane and, being of a gossipy disposition, spreads the good news round and about, not to mention far and wide.

But to Simon she is "just Doris," for that is all the lady will tell of her life history. She spends some time at Simon's home and Simon, bashful bachelor, doesn't mind it at all.

DORIS, of course, is the means of bringing to Haldane's inferiority complex some impetus of self-confidence. Then the efficiency experts come to Simon's office. Instead of being fired, as he and the rest of the office force fully expected, Simon is promoted to the mahogany desk of the business manager. All because he has been plodding along in his quiet, absent-minded way, and has evolved some system which the efficiency men found worthy of praise.

When Simon rushes home to tell Doris she has gone. Some time later he is called to a hotel to meet the daughter of the president of the company he works for. The rest you can imagine.

There is one weak spot in the story. The explanation of why the young lady had to leave home and hide from the police in Simon's home is not quite clear. But it is not an especially vital point. The fun is there.

Dorothy Devore as Doris, and Matt Moore as Simon Haldane make a good comedy pair. Miss Devore, formerly of Christie comedies, has had training in putting comedy situations across on the screen. She is a refreshingly clever comedienne.

Matt Moore, who, like Harold Lloyd, uses as part of his comedy get-up tortoise rim spectacles that have no lenses, has a whimsical screen humor.

David Butler plays Ray Wyeth, the cocky salesman, whose idea of humor is to hold out his hand to Simon and then hit him on the back or poke him in the ribs instead of shaking hands. He expected to be made business manager when the office shake-up took place.

NEXT WEEK: *DANTE'S INFERNO*
A Fox Special Picture

DIAMOND CUT CRIMES,

Second Episode, Complete in Itself, of a Romance-

IN WHICH the Newest and Most Picturesque Character in the Fiction of the Day—a Beautiful Robin Hood in Petticoats—Goes Beyond the Law to Solve a Jewel Mystery and Clear the Name of a Girl

For a moment young Krantz hesitated, his face green with fear.

I.

"DO YOU mean to say," Elinor asked slowly, two scarlet spots showing against the dull white of her cheeks, "that you think this girl a thief?"

Donald McRae gave an uneasy glance about the big studio room.

"I mean to say all the evidence points that way," he replied lamely.

"As a student of criminal psychology, Don, you should be a better judge of human nature. And as a friend of the district attorney——"

"Elinor, for heaven's sake be sensible. Just because you spend your time digging up these unfortunate women, sympathizing with them, is no reason why I should ask the district attorney or anybody else to do the impossible. With all your money I should think you'd go in for something more sensible—worth while. Travel, for instance. Or art."

"Don't be a fool, Don. I've been everywhere, from Tokio to Kalamazoo. You know that. As for art, it's too often merely an excuse for rotten studio parties, nowadays. I'm trying to give a little help to some people who can't help themselves. Can you think of any better way to spend one's time and money?"

"All right. Suit yourself. But I don't see how I can do anything for this girl. As a lawyer——"

"As a lawyer, perhaps not." Elinor's voice was soft as an April shower. "But as a friend—a man who claims to care for me——"

Donald sprang to his feet, thrusting the red-brown hair from his forehead with a characteristic gesture.

"I do," he exclaimed, "and you know it."

"Then why won't you try to help me?"

"Elinor, sit down." He waved to a chair, resumed his own. "Let us go over this girl's case in detail. Then if you can point out to me anything I can do, why—I promise you I'll do it."

"Fair enough." Elinor threw herself on the couch, lit a cigaret. "I told you, didn't I, that she'd been employed for over a year as secretary by a Mr. Jacob Krantz, of Krantz & Co., jewelers, in Maiden Lane?"

"Yes."

"Well—last month—on the seventeenth, to be exact—young Mr. Krantz, who travels for the firm, came in from a business trip and placed on his father's desk a leather case containing unset diamonds to the value of thirty-four thousand dollars. They were of various sizes, wrapped in seven small packets of white tissue paper. Mr. Krantz states he opened the packets, examined and counted their contents in his son's presence, as was his invariable custom, and found everything to be correct."

"To whom did he make this statement? The police?"

"No. To me. I went to see him. But I'll come to that later. Mr. Krantz, it seems, after taking the packets from his son's case, placed them on a small wooden tray on the desk. Then he called his secretary — Pennington's her name—Jane Pennington—and told her to take the stones to the office of his partner, Mr. Stern, at the other end of the suite. It was Mr. Stern's business to verify Mr. Krantz's count and then lock the diamonds in the safe."

"I see. How did Krantz summon his secretary?"

"By calling to her through the door leading to the outer office. He had to turn his head, but did *not* have to leave his desk. His son was standing alongside of him."

"You think, then," Donald said quickly, detecting a certain significance in Elinor's words, "that while his father's head was turned young Krantz might have——"

"It is at least possible," remarked Elinor.

"But highly improbable. A member of the firm. Entrusted with the task of carrying thousands of dollars' worth of stones about the country on business trips. One would hardly think he would wait to commit a theft directly under his father's nose. What happened then?"

"Miss Pennington took the tray and carried it down the corridor to the office of Mr. Stern. The corridor is some twenty feet long, narrow, and rather dark, in spite of the ground glass partitions along either side of it. She was alone while passing through it, of course. As soon as she had placed the tray on Mr. Stern's desk she hurried to the front office, took her hat and coat from a rack, and went to lunch.

"Five minutes later Mr. Stern dashed into his partner's office with the news that one of the packets, containing diamonds to the value of eight thousand dollars, was missing. His stenographer, Miss Grasty, who was with him at the time, verified his statement.

"MR. KRANTZ thought it significant that Miss Pennington had gone out over fifteen minutes ahead of her regular time. He at once sent for a private detective. When Miss Pennington came back from lunch he accused her. Both he and his son swore that there were seven packets of stones on the tray when it was turned over to her.

"She denied everything, said she had not counted the packets herself, explained her leaving the office so early by saying she had a headache and wanted to go to the drug store to get something for it.

"She was searched, of course, but nothing

DIAMOND LIMITED

By FREDERIC ARNOLD KUMMER

Mystery Series Entitled

Pictures by RALPH P. COLEMAN

was found on her. Mr. Krantz said he didn't expect to find anything—that her purpose in leaving the office so quickly had been to turn the stones over to a confederate, or hide them somewhere, to be recovered later."

"Did she meet anyone while she was out?"

"Yes. In a drug store two blocks away."

"Who?"

"A young man named Ashton—James Ashton, with whom, it seems, she is in love. He's an electrician, I believe, employed by the New Jersey Chemical Company."

"H-m!" Donald gave Elinor a curious look. "Everything you've told me," he said, "seems to point inexorably to the girl's guilt. Isn't there anything to be said in her favor?"

"Nothing, except that I believe her," Elinor said quietly.

"Did Krantz turn her over to the police?"

"No. It wasn't her arrest he wanted, so much as the diamonds. He let her go. Under the watchful eye of the detective, of course. Gave her twenty-four hours in which to produce the jewels or make the loss good. He thought she might weaken, I suppose, and come across with the missing stones."

"Fair enough. Most men would have let the police give her the third degree."

"I don't know. He still had that in reserve. It was young Krantz who suggested the arrangement. An oily little rat. I forgot to tell you that Miss Pennington said he had been making advances to her for some time. Tried to kiss her once when she stayed after office hours. She slapped his face."

"H-m. Well, that often happens with good looking girls who work in offices. Doesn't prove anything. What happened then?"

"Well, not having any relatives or friends ready to put up eight thousand dollars for her, she went home, to the house where she boards. She might have told young Ashton about her trouble, but she was—well, ashamed. And afraid, too, that he'd get after Krantz and beat him up, I guess.

"Along about half-past eight young Krantz came to see her. Offered to make the loss good if she'd move over to his flat. The usual proposition. Being a decent girl, she ordered him out. They had some words.

"Miss Whiteley, my secretary, who lives in the same house, overheard the row, and, according to instructions, reported the matter to me. She's my companion in crime—you know—has been, ever since that little transaction we had in pearls some weeks ago.

"Well, to make a long story short, I had Miss Pennington brought here and heard her story. The next day I went down to the office with her and paid Krantz the eight thousand. So that's that."

"H-m. Rather a quixotic thing to do, it seems to me. How do you know she wasn't lying?"

"I know women," Elinor said quietly.

"Maybe. You certainly have a generous heart, and are therefore easily imposed upon. I sometimes think, Elinor, that you rather fancy yourself in this rôle of a female Robin Hood, always ready to take up the cudgels on behalf of the under dog. It's a charming idea, but if you don't look out you'll find yourself in a nasty mess, some day. Well, I've heard the story. What did you expect me to do?"

"I don't believe, Donald," Elinor remarked, a trace of irony in her voice, "that I really expected you to do anything. But I thought there might be just a chance you could get your friend, Inspector Doyle, to have young Krantz watched, arrested, perhaps, when he tries to

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-ONE]

dispose of those stones. He took them. I'm convinced of that."

"You'd have to produce more evidence than you have now to make headquarters think so. As for disposing of the stones—provided he's got them—I don't doubt, being in the business, he'll have his own ways of doing that. Unset diamonds of moderate size are pretty much alike. You're asking the impossible."

Elinor sat with her chin cupped in one hand, gazing moodily at the Chinese rug. There was sullen anger in her wide, dark eyes; the set of her slender shoulders bespoke a fixed determination.

"All right," she said. "Then I'll have to go it alone."

"Look here, Elinor!" Donald exclaimed. "Be careful. Don't try anything dangerous. Is it worth it? Eight thousand dollars?"

"Hell's bells!" Elinor's temper had begun to crack. "Do you suppose I give a tinker's dam for the money? It's the principle of the thing. Krantz and his son practically have made this girl admit herself a thief. And she isn't one. I'd stake my last dollar on it.

"Think what it means to her self-respect—to the man she loves. How is she going to explain the loss of her position? The story's bound to get around. She's crushed, wiped out, done. Afraid to look the world in the face, because she feels she's been branded as a crook.

"I want to give her back her courage, her hope, her faith, her love. And if there's any way it can be done, short of murder, I'm going to do it. I trust I make myself quite clear, Mr. McRae," she finished.

After Don had gone, Elinor lay flat on her back on the couch for over an hour, staring up at the ceiling and smoking innumerable cigarets. When she finally rose to her feet it was in response to a message from her secretary, Miss Whiteley.

"Mr. Ashton's here," the secretary said. "Are you ready to see him?"

"What sort of a looking fellow is he, Helen?" Elinor asked, smiling.

"Well—not the kind of a man I'd care to start an argument with, if that's what you mean."

"Good!" Elinor's eyes snapped. "Show him in."

II.

MISS SADIE POLLOCK, the young woman who had taken Jane Pennington's place as private secretary to Mr. Krantz, glanced at the caller who had just entered the office with a look of cool disdain. He was a tall, eager-faced young man, neatly but by no means smartly dressed. A workman, Miss Pollock thought.

"Well?" she asked.

"I want to see Mr. Krantz. Mr. Jacob Krantz. Personally. About buying some stones," the young man announced.

Miss Pollock retired to the inner office, trying to conceal her surprise. A man like that buying diamonds! It seemed incredible. Presently she returned.

"Mr. Krantz will see you at once," she said.

The diamond dealer rose from his chair with outstretched hand as his caller came into the room.

"Sit down." He waved toward a chair. "I understand you wish to buy some stones."

"No," the man replied, taking a seat. "I don't want to buy any."

"Then why did you tell my secretary so?" Mr. Krantz growled, his good nature vanishing like a puff of smoke. "My time is valuable. If you are an agent or canvasser of any sort——" he glanced significantly toward the door.

THE young man did not at once reply. Instead he felt in his pocket and, drawing out a small, round object, rolled it across the glass top of Mr. Krantz' desk.

"I told your secretary I wanted to see you about buying some stones," he said. "You, however, were to do the buying. Here is a diamond I would like to sell."

Mr. Krantz' hard little eyes gleamed with cupidity as he gazed at the jewel before him. An uncut stone, in shape a rough octahedron, it was about the size of a small cherry.

"We don't buy from strangers," he said, making a shrewd guess as to the stone's value. "At least, not as a rule. Where did you get it?"

"What's that to you?" The man shrugged his shoulders. "Maybe I've just got back from South Africa. Or Brazil." He gave the diamond dealer a brazen wink. "You can have it for two thousand."

Mr. Krantz spoke softly through the telephone for a moment. Almost at once his partner, Mr. Stern, came into the office, fat, bland, smiling.

"How much can we offer for this, Sam?" Mr. Krantz said, handing him the diamond.

Mr. Stern sat down at a little table equipped with a pair of delicate, glass-covered scales, magnifying glasses, and other devices incident to the jewel trade. He was busy for several moments weighing the stone, testing its colors, its refraction. Presently he rose and placed the diamond on his partner's desk.

"About fifteen hundred," he announced, with elaborate carelessness. "It ain't worth more, considering the risk of cutting."

Mr. Krantz grunted assent. Both he and Mr. Stern were quite well aware that the stone would have been cheap at two thousand,

but their caller looked like a person in need of money.

"All right." The man shrugged his shoulders. "Cash." Mr. Krantz frowned.

"Cash? There ain't no comeback, is there?"

"No. The stone is mine, all right. But for certain reasons I'd rather not take a check."

Mr. Krantz unlocked the safe behind him, drew out some packages of bills. He, too, saw advantages in a cash transaction.

Whereupon Mr. Krantz paid over the money. The young man rose.

"I may bring you in another one, before long," he said, and, with a curious smile, left the office.

"What do you think, Sam?" Mr. Krantz asked when the door had closed behind him.

"Smuggled, of course. It's a South African stone. Fine water. Ought to cut fine, too." He took the bit of crystal and balanced it in his hand. "Good for a thousand profit. I wonder if he knew its value. He seemed mighty anxious to sell. I hope he comes back again."

"If he does," Mr. Krantz grunted, "we'll offer less. There's something fishy about it."

III.

THE young man *did* come back a few days later, bringing with him an even larger and finer stone than the one he had brought before. He asked three thousand dollars for it. Mr. Krantz refused to pay a cent more than two, and Mr. Stern backed him up.

"We're taking a big chance," Mr. Krantz grumbled, as he began to count out the purchase price. "How do we know where you got these stones? We don't want to do anything crooked."

"They weren't smuggled," the man said, "and they weren't stolen. You can bank on it."

"Then all I can say is, young fellow," remarked Mr. Krantz, "you must have a private diamond mine right here in America."

"Nothing like that, either." The man rose. "I—I really can't explain." Smiling apologetically, he hurried from the office.

The instant he had gone Mr. Krantz turned to his son, who had been sitting at a desk in a far corner of the room.

"Jump, Morris! Follow him," he said. "Don't lose sight of him. We got to find out where he's getting them stones."

With a quick nod young Mr. Krantz put on his hat and went out.

Mr. Morris Krantz was slim, dark, quick, and noiseless in his movements, and therefore well equipped for the task which lay ahead of him. Without looking directly at his quarry, he strolled toward the elevator.

The man paid no attention to him. When the car reached the ground floor he hurried to the sidewalk and began to walk rapidly in the direction of the Hudson Terminal. Mr. Krantz followed, not too closely, and when his quarry got into a subway train managed to enter the same car at its other end without being observed and rode to the terminus of the underground line in Jersey City. He was immediately behind his man, however, at the railroad ticket office in Jersey City, and when the former asked for a ticket to Hillsdale Mr. Krantz bought one to the same place.

At the station the man jumped into a taxicab and drove off. Mr. Krantz did the same.

"Just follow that car," he told the chauffeur. "Not too close, though. I don't want them to know they're being followed."

The first car, after proceeding for about a mile through the straggling suburban town, turned into a side street on the outskirts and presently stopped before a small, unimportant looking frame house. Noting its location, Mr. Krantz told his driver to go on to the next corner and turn. Here he got out, paid his fare, and walked back to the house at which the man had stopped.

The house stood in a wide, shaded lot, and behind it was a small brick building, in appearance a garage. As Mr. Krantz passed the front of the place he saw the man he had been following leave the house by a rear door and proceed down a gravel walk to the garage. A light presently flashed inside. Mr. Krantz hurried around to the back of the lot and along a narrow lane to the brick building with windows on both sides. Cautiously he peered in.

His first glance told him the place was not a garage. Instead, it seemed to be some sort of a laboratory. In its center was a square concrete pedestal, on which stood an oblong box, made apparently of fire brick. Heavy cables, leading to brass attachments at either end, made Mr. Krantz conclude that the apparatus was electrical in its nature. The man busied himself for a moment with the binding screws at one end of the box, glanced at his wrist watch, then snapped off the lights and went out. Mr. Krantz watched him as he returned to the house; the activity in the illuminated rear kitchen caused him to conclude that his man had gone in for dinner.

But Mr. Krantz was far too excited himself to think about food. An idea of tremendous importance had come to him, one which even yet he could not completely grasp. Had the man locked the door? He thought not, and a quick investigation told him that he was right. Like a shadow he slipped into the room.

The place was in semi-darkness, and he did not dare to switch on the lights for fear they would be observed from the house. One thing, however, was visible: the box on the concrete pedestal shone in the darkness with a fierce white glow, giving off an odor suggestive of intense heat.

At the far end of the room he discerned a flight of steps leading to the floor above. In a moment he had ascended and found himself in a low loft, filled with trunks, old furniture, and books. There were cracks in the rough pine floor; he took out his pocket knife and widened one of them until he could see through quite clearly.

AN hour passed, and he was beginning to wonder whether the man was coming back, when he suddenly heard footsteps, the opening and closing of a door. Immediately the room beneath him was flooded with brilliant light.

There were two persons in the place now, one the young man he had been following, the other a dark and slender girl, wearing an apron of brown linen. The former was busy for a time, adjusting some apparatus at one side of the room. The girl, meanwhile, went to the oblong box at the center of the room, and, after turning a switch, took up a pair of tongs and plunged them into the glowing mass with which it was filled.

A blinding glare met Mr. Krantz' eyes, then he saw that the girl held in her tongs a white-hot object about the size of an orange, which she at once dropped into a tub of water on the floor at her side.

There was a prodigious hissing, accompanied by clouds of steam. For several moments the girl waited, glancing at an open book which lay on a small table. Then she took up her tongs, and fishing about in the water of the tub, brought up a round, black mass.

Her companion now joined her, and with a hammer proceeded to break open the object as one might crack a nut; thereupon they gazed eagerly at something contained within it, showing, meanwhile, the greatest delight. Then, with a few words which Mr. Krantz could not hear, the man switched off the lights and, with his companion, went out.

The turning of a key in the lock of the door was distinctly audible, and also the closing of the heavy window shutters. The building had evidently been closed for the night.

With sweat streaming down his back, Mr. Krantz descended to the floor below. If the things he had seen meant what he thought they did, it was well that he had come.

One thing was certain—he would have to find out before he left the place, provided he could leave it at all, now that the door was locked. That, he argued, was to prevent anyone from entering from without; a quick inspection of the windows with the aid of a lighted match told him he would have no difficulty in making his escape from within. And the fact that the shutters were closed made it possible for him to turn on the lights without danger of detection from the house.

It took him several moments to locate the switch; but, this done, the room was at once illuminated with a very brilliant greenish-white light.

THE dark object which the man had broken open with the hammer still lay on the table. It consisted of a rough, granular shell of what looked like cast iron.

As Mr. Krantz examined it an expression of amazement crossed his face.

Inside, occupying a small cavity, was a grayish crystal about the size of a large pea. He glanced at it eagerly for a moment, then thrust it into his waistcoat pocket.

The book lying open on the table next attracted his attention. It was a work on industrial chemistry. One of the paragraphs was marked. Mr. Krantz stared at it with bulging eyes as he read:

> Ever since the successful experiments by Henri Moissan, scientists have known that the manufacture of crystallized carbon, or diamonds, is well within the possibilities of the modern electric furnace. Moissan made actual diamonds, but they were very small. Only the proper development of his process is needed to make them of any size desired.
>
> But the problem is of no interest to the scientist, because, unlike synthetic rubber, or indigo, carbon crystals have no value in the industrial world. Nor would their production on a large scale attract the manufacturer, since his investment would become so much junk the moment his product was put on the market.
>
> The mere knowledge that quantity production was at hand would at once reduce the value of all the diamonds in the world, even the Kohinoor, to the price of so much glass. Hence the manufacture of diamonds is not likely to be attempted, unless by some individual operating in the strictest secrecy, and marketing his product with the utmost care.

With a groan Mr. Krantz turned from the book. All the diamonds in the world worth no more than so much glass! And Krantz & Co. had over a quarter of a million dollars' worth of stones in their vaults!

Scarcely able to think, he raised one of the windows, unfastened the shutters, and, having switched off the lights, dropped noiselessly to the ground outside.

Was the thing real? He could scarcely believe it. And yet how else explain the uncut

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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diamonds the young man had brought to the office, had sold at far below their real market value?

He had one in his waistcoat pocket now. As he waited for the New York train he drew the diamond across the pane of the station window. It cut a deep, white mark.

In the private office of Mr. Jacob Krantz three very white-faced men sat about the senior partner's desk the next day. Mr. Krantz himself was so filled with dismay that his features had shriveled up to the semblance of a dried apple. Mr. Stern was as gray as a death mask. Young Morris Krantz, his sleek hair on end, his eyes wide and fearful, had just finished an account of his adventures.

"Sam," Mr. Krantz remarked slowly, "what do you think we should do?"

"Do?" Mr. Stern picked up the uncut stone and gazed at it helplessly. "We can't do nothing. If diamonds can be made in a lab'ratory, like Morris here says, we might just as well now go out of business. Why, if the story got in the newspapers we couldn't sell our stock at five cents on the dollar!"

"For why should it get in the newspapers, Sam?" Mr. Krantz asked. "These people is cleaning up a thousand or two a week selling us some stones. Ain't it the last thing in the world they'd want to do—have their secret made public? I ain't afraid they'll tell anybody. I got a better idea, Sam. Let's have a talk with this fellow. Tell him we're on to his secret and are ready to market his product for him fifty-fifty. Make him sign an agreement not to sell through anybody but us. Point out to him that if he ain't careful he'll lose the whole works."

Mr. Stern nodded slowly in agreement.

"You're right, Jake," he said. "We better get out to Jersey at once and have a talk with him. Tell him where he gets off."

A knock at the door followed his words. Miss Pollock came in bearing a letter. Mr. Krantz tore it open, read aloud the contents:

> Dear Mr. Krantz: Please be at the above address tonight at eight o'clock. Bring your son and your partner, Mr. Stern, with you. Ask for Miss Vance, on the sixth floor. We want to talk to you about diamonds.

"That's that," said Mr. Krantz, dropping the note on his desk. "Sam, I ain't feeling well. Think I'll get a cup of coffee."

IV.

ELINOR came into the living room wearing a gown of green and silver which made Donald McRae catch his breath. He could combat the girl's intelligence, her gay insolence, but her beauty always left him helpless.

"You gorgeous thing!" he gasped, holding out his hands.

She took them in her firm, cool grip.

"It's good of you to come here, Donald," she said, sinking into a chair. "You remember what I told you about Miss Pennington. Well, I've taken action in her case, and——"

"You haven't been doing anything you shouldn't, I hope," he said, noting the seriousness of her smile. "Of course, if you're in any trouble——"

"Thanks, old dear. I'm not—yet. But I may need your help before the evening's over. You have authority to make arrests, haven't you?"

"Yes." Donald lit a cigaret, regarding Elinor with a puzzled frown. What deviltry was she up to now? An amazing woman, who would stop at nothing to gain her ends. She enjoyed the risks to which she was forever subjecting herself as other women might enjoy a hand of bridge. Even now she was gazing at him like some mischievous elf.

"What's the game?" he asked suddenly.

"Don't look so downhearted, old dear," she laughed. "The worst I'm capable of tonight is a little blackmail."

"Blackmail?" Donald gasped.

"Well, you might call it that." She went to the door and called to someone in the next room. A tall, eager faced young man came in, accompanied by a slender and very charming girl of twenty. Elinor took the latter's hand.

"Miss Pennington," she said, smiling, "this is my friend, Mr. McRae, and Mr. Ashton, Mr. McRae." She nodded to the young man with the eager face. "Mr. Ashton is an electrician—a chemist. He and I have been making some very interesting experiments at his private laboratory over in New Jersey, looking to establishing Miss Pennington's innocence of the crime of which she has been accused. We hope we have succeeded."

Mr. Ashton slipped his arm about his companion's waist.

"If we haven't," he said grimly, "somebody's due for an awful beating up before the evening's over."

"Remember, please," Elinor said, placing her hand on his arm, "you promised not to start anything——"

"Well," he turned away grimly, "I guess that goes. Till the evening's over, anyway. Glad to have met you," he nodded to McRae. "Come along, Jane." With his arm still about the slender girl, Ashton returned to the adjoining room.

"She won't marry him," Elinor whispered, "until her innocence has been proved. Her pride, you know. She's afraid he might still think——" a timid knock at the door stopped her, then she opened it.

Mr. Krantz, Mr. Stern, and young Morris filed in solemnly. Even in their perturbed state of mind they did not fail to note the costly fittings of the room. "A thousand a week, easy," Mr. Krantz muttered to himself, glancing at Mr. McRae.

"My lawyer," Elinor said, introducing him.

"If I'd known it was a case of lawyers," Mr. Krantz remarked, staring uneasily at Donald, "I could've brought my own."

"I don't think you'll need one," Elinor remarked gayly. "Would you gentlemen mind stepping into the dining room?"

"Dining room! If you should ask me now, miss, to eat anything——"

"It isn't that. There's something I want to show you." She swept aside the curtains at the end of the room. "Just go in and take a seat. Don't fall over the chairs."

Her caution was needed. The room was in almost total darkness. Guided by the light which came through the parted curtains, the four men slowly filed into the room, Donald bringing up the rear. A semi-circle of chairs confronted them, two of which were already occupied, but the women who sat in them were not recognizable in the dim light.

"Find chairs, everybody," Elinor cried. "We're ready to begin."

In a state of complete bewilderment, Mr. Krantz and his companions sat down.

A FAINT hissing sound came from the rear of the room where Mr. Ashton stood. Then a brilliant picture suddenly appeared on a sheet suspended against the opposite wall. Mr. Krantz gave a groan. The picture showed a small room, fitted up as a laboratory, and near the center of it, beside a table, stood Elinor herself, a pair of tongs in her hand. Presently, using the tongs, she lifted a small, white-hot object from a box on the table and dropped it into a tub of water at her feet. A short delay ensued, then the little audience saw her take the object from the tub, saw the young man who had now joined her break it open on the top of the table, whereupon they both proceeded to examine its contents with the utmost care.

SUDDENLY the scene blacked out, to be at once resumed with young Mr. Krantz as its central figure. For a few moments only was he visible, but during this time he moved swiftly and distinctly as he picked up the two halves of the dark object on the table, gazed at them for an instant, removed something from one of them, and thrust it into his waistcoat pocket. Almost immediately thereafter this picture, too, faded out and the dining room was suddenly flooded with light.

Mr. Krantz and his companions looked about, blinked.

Young Morris, recognizing Jane Pennington as one of the two women who sat near him, rose to his feet snarling like a trapped fox.

James Ashton stepped toward him, his fists clenched. Elinor swept into the half circle made by the chairs.

"Just a moment, please, everybody!" she exclaimed, raising her hand. "What you have just seen is a picture of a small private laboratory at Hillsdale, New Jersey, belonging to my friend, Mr. James Ashton. The picture was taken last night, by means of an automatic camera and the specially installed vacuum lamps with which the place is equipped.

"Mr. Krantz Jr. forced his way into the place and, as you have seen, stole a diamond belonging to me worth two thousand dollars. Mr. Ashton and myself watched him do it through an opening in the door. There is a gentleman here who has authority to make an arrest."

"But"—Mr. Krantz Sr. rose unsteadily to his feet—"that ain't the point, miss. Here's your diamond." He took the stone from his pocket and handed it to Elinor. "That ain't what we want to talk to you about. It—it's the diamond business.

"I don't like to say too much before witnesses," he continued, glancing pointedly at McRae and the two women, "but Morris ain't no thief. He only took that stone as evidence. We know what you're up to, and we want to make a deal with you. Can't we talk this thing over in private? If anybody should be arrested, y' understand, and the story gets in the newspapers, we'd all be sunk! Ruined!"

Elinor regarded him with a frosty smile.

"Mr. Krantz," she said, "before I talk to you about the diamond business, there's another matter I want settled.

"You accused this young lady"—she indicated Jane Pennington—"of stealing eight thousand dollars' worth of diamonds from you. I lent her the money to make the loss good. Miss Pennington didn't steal the stones. I think your son did. If he is ready to confess and return them to you, well and good. If not, he'll be under arrest for burglary inside of two minutes. Is that clear?"

With a look of fury Mr. Krantz turned on young Morris.

"What you got to say for yourself, you?" he demanded, pointing a shaky forefinger.

"Better say it quick, too," Mr. Ashton added grimly, "if you know what's good for you." His clenched hands moved restlessly; he seemed to have difficulty in controlling them.

For a moment young Krantz hesitated, his face green with fear. Then he slowly drew

A blinding glare met Mr. Krantz' eyes, then he saw that the girl held in her tongs a white-hot object about the size of an orange.

a leather wallet from his pocket and took from it a little package.

"Here," he muttered, thrusting the package into his father's hand. "I—I found them on the floor."

"That clears Miss Pennington," Elinor remarked pleasantly, turning to the elder Mr. Krantz, "and leaves you owing me eight thousand dollars."

"I'll make out a check!" Mr. Krantz shouted, drawing a fountain pen from his pocket.

"Fair enough," Elinor told him. "And while you're about it you might add a couple of thousand more to cover my loss on those diamonds I sold you, and another ten, say for laceration of Miss Pennington's feelings. We'll call it a wedding present. Yes—twenty in all. And don't try to stop payment on the check tomorrow, either. If you do, your son goes to jail as sure as he's a foot high."

Completely bewildered, Mr. Krantz made out the check, handed it over. Never in all his career had he been so much at sea. Still, he reflected, the eight thousand dollars was justly owing, since he now had the diamonds back, and what difference did a few additional thousands make, compared with the prospect of manufacturing diamonds by the million.

"Now, [illegible]," he whispered eagerly, "let's you and me talk a little business about them diamonds you made."

"DIAMONDS I made?" Elinor said, laughing. "I don't admit making any diamonds."

"Of course you don't, miss. I understand that. You couldn't admit it. If you did, you'd never be able to sell another one. But between you and me"—he glanced pointedly at the stone Elinor still held in her hand—"you made that one, all right, for Morris saw you do it."

"You're mistaken, Mr. Krantz. This stone as well as the other two I sold you. I bought from an importer down in Maiden Lane. I'm afraid your son didn't understand what he saw at that laboratory last night. Mr. Ashton and I were making some experiments in criminal psychology. I never told you I could make diamonds. Must you really go?"

Mr. Krantz essayed to speak, but at the sight of Elinor's cool face, of Mr. Ashton's grim one, his voice failed him. Supported by his son, by Mr. Stern, he sagged slowly across the living room and out into the hall. When the door had closed behind them Donald turned to Elinor with a queer smile.

"Sometimes, Elinor," he exclaimed. "I think you're the devil."

"If I am," she grinned, "I hope I'm a good little devil."

"I think she's an angel," Miss Pennington whispered, taking Elinor's hand.

"I know darned well she is," said Ashton, and sweeping Jane into his arms, he kissed her quite shamelessly before them all.

THE END

New Clothes for the HOLIDAYS

By PATRICIA

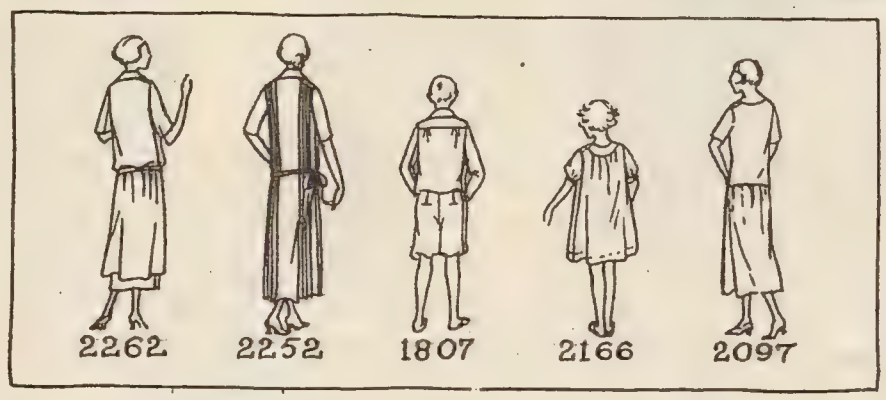
2252

2262

2097

1807

2166 Emb. 728



AT THIS season of the year, one's thoughts are filled with Christmas gifts. Nevertheless, new clothes must be had, too. And if patterns are chosen with an eye to simplicity, one may have the midwinter clothes so desired. The patterns illustrated this week are extremely simple and will take only a small amount of your time and money to turn into the very clothes you would love to have.

A tunic dress is an absolute essential in the well dressed woman's wardrobe. This style is just a simple one-piece affair with an attached tunic. One of the new soft woolen materials would be a good choice with trimming of silk braid. Silk crêpe, satin, and bengaline are also suggested. Cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, and 50 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size, pattern No. 2262 requires 5 yards of 40 inch material.

The woman not as slim as she'd like to be will find the lines of No. 2252 gracefully slender and charmingly youthful. The plaits which start at the shoulder seam each side front and back, continue in an unbroken line to the hem. The front is perfectly straight in panel effect. A striped worsted material would be nice for an every day dress. Plain or novelty silk crêpe is also suggested. For the mature woman of moderate figure, satin is a smart choice. Pattern No. 2252 is cut in sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, and 46 inches bust measure. In the 36 inch size, 4⅛ yards of 40 inch material are required.

Pattern No. 1807 includes a boy's shirt and a pair of knickers. Here is a pattern that every boy's mother should have on hand, for it can be used over and over again. Serge, tweeds, and cassimere are suggested for the knickers, while a cotton shirting can be employed in the making of the shirt. Cut in sizes 4, 6, 8, 10, and 12 years. Size 8 requires 1¾ yards of 36 inch material for the blouse and 1¼ yards of 36 inch material for the trousers.

A graceful little model is shown in No. 2166 for little sister. It hangs straight from a tiny yoke to the hemline. It is made short enough to show bloomers of the same material as that used for the dress. Cut in sizes 2, 4, 6, and 8 years. Size 4 requires 2⅜ yards of 36 inch material with ⅜ yard 27 inch contrasting. The hot-iron transfer pattern No. 728 (blue only) costs fifteen cents extra.

As the winter season advances, one finds one's self in need of a semi-evening dress that is also quite appropriate for afternoon occasions. You could find nothing more graceful, youthful, and altogether becoming than the design shown in No. 2097 which at the same time is so easily and quickly made. The bodice is slightly form-fitting and the skirt is gracefully wide for dancing. Silks, plain and fancy, are suitable. Taffeta in both light and darker shades can be used, and velvet, the winter's favorite protégé, is also suggested. The pattern comes in sizes 16 years, 36, 38, 40, and 42 inches bust measure. The 36 inch size requires 2⅞ yards of 40 inch material.

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NOTE—Patricia patterns are made in New York exclusively for this publication. They are perfect in fit, up to date in style, and the easiest of all patterns to use.

LONG LINES DOMINATE EVENING GOWNS

by Corinne Lowe

UNLIKE Pandora's box, from which came all the troubles, the opera box reveals nothing but successes — sartorial successes, one means, of course. If a woman wants to be lucky in her evening attire all she has to do is to pick up the Metropolitan "Horseshoe" hints and all will be well.

And what are "they" wearing —the chosen few who trail in after some fashionable dinner to vie with—not to hear—the last act of Carmen or Rigoletto? Well, as is usual "they" are divided. If they are sufficiently young and pretty they keep on with the period gown which has for many seasons paid its tribute of fitted bodice and bouffant skirt to the picturesque days of the Empress Eugenie. If they are just as pretty, but not quite so young, they are apt to don some version of the sheath. Indeed, the sheath is this season common to all ages.

Beyond all doubt here is the dominant evening silhouette—that long line breaking its slimness only at the hem. As you see fashionable women walking about in the foyer you are reminded of a kind of Lewis Carroll garden of flowers—a walking garden where the stems burst grotesquely into bloom at the roots. For, although there are sheaths which are true to their straightness, most of them have some flare at the hem.

One of the few evening models that take a train is this stunning creation of Agnes, made of geranium red velvet combined with matching chiffon and trimmed with shaded rhinestones. The sloping cape and the sloping drape are both exemplified in a second gown of flesh color crepe.

Here's something pretty from Doucet! White net over black net and the former traced with a design of chrysanthemums made of folded white tulle. On the skirt triangular pieces of black tulle reaffirm the suggestion of a black chiffon clip.

The flare is accomplished in many ways. In the lower left hand panel I am showing you just one idea on the subject and, although no novelty are these triangular pieces attached to the lower section of the skirt so that they float out when the wearer moves, they seldom have such a novel background as is formed by this Doucet model in which a chrysanthemum design in folded white tulle on a white net frock is thrown into relief by a lower section of black net. All these net effects must of course have their foundation of a black georgette slip. All in all, here is one of the most original and delightful evening models which have come to us from Paris this year.

The gown of white velvet stands out with especial emphasis in this snowy winter. Frequently the sheath gown carried out in this medium enrolls a slight flare through two or three scalloped tiers. Sometimes, too, the long tunic, often bordered with either white or dark fur and elaborately beaded in crystals or rhinestones or metal beads, is the chosen formula. Incidentally, one cannot repeat too often the vogue of gold and silver trimming.

In the neckline we again find that conflict between Puritanism and its reverse. Again, opposed to quite a high front, is the back where the scissors are mightier than the needle. Your décolleté in the back is often a very daring V or an almost equally daring U. As regards the latter, it has come in for a great deal of attention and is exemplified here by the imported model at the lower right. This model, developed as it is in red faille, points to the fact that the ribbed silk takes its part in the evening program.

Most of the formal evening gowns are without trains. However, some models retain this classic postscript. To this group belongs the model from Agnes sketched at the upper left. As regards length, the very short skirt is dictated by Paris, but over here we temper the skirt to taste. You may wear your evening gown anything from seven to eleven inches above the ground. Remember, though, that this does not apply to either the full-skirted Second Empire or the short-waisted First Empire models, for these, especially the former, must be long or nothing.

A U-shaped decolletage in the back is one of the messages of this imported fuchsia red faille. Another is the three-piece wrap-around skirt with its pieces shaped both back and front, and its drape at the side, and its three floating panels of self-color silk flowers are the only trimming note.

Electrify her sewing machine for Christmas

STARTLING! Nothing less. One motion of the hand places the HAMILTON BEACH HOME MOTOR next to the hand wheel. Forever after, the old foot-power sewing machine is an effortless, self-operating electric.

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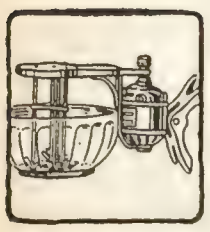
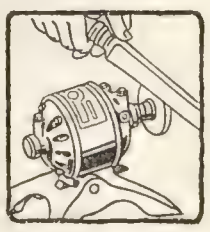
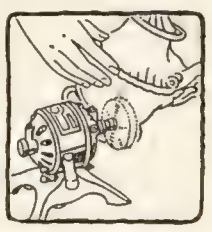
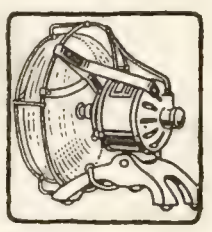

Mixes Cake


Sharpens

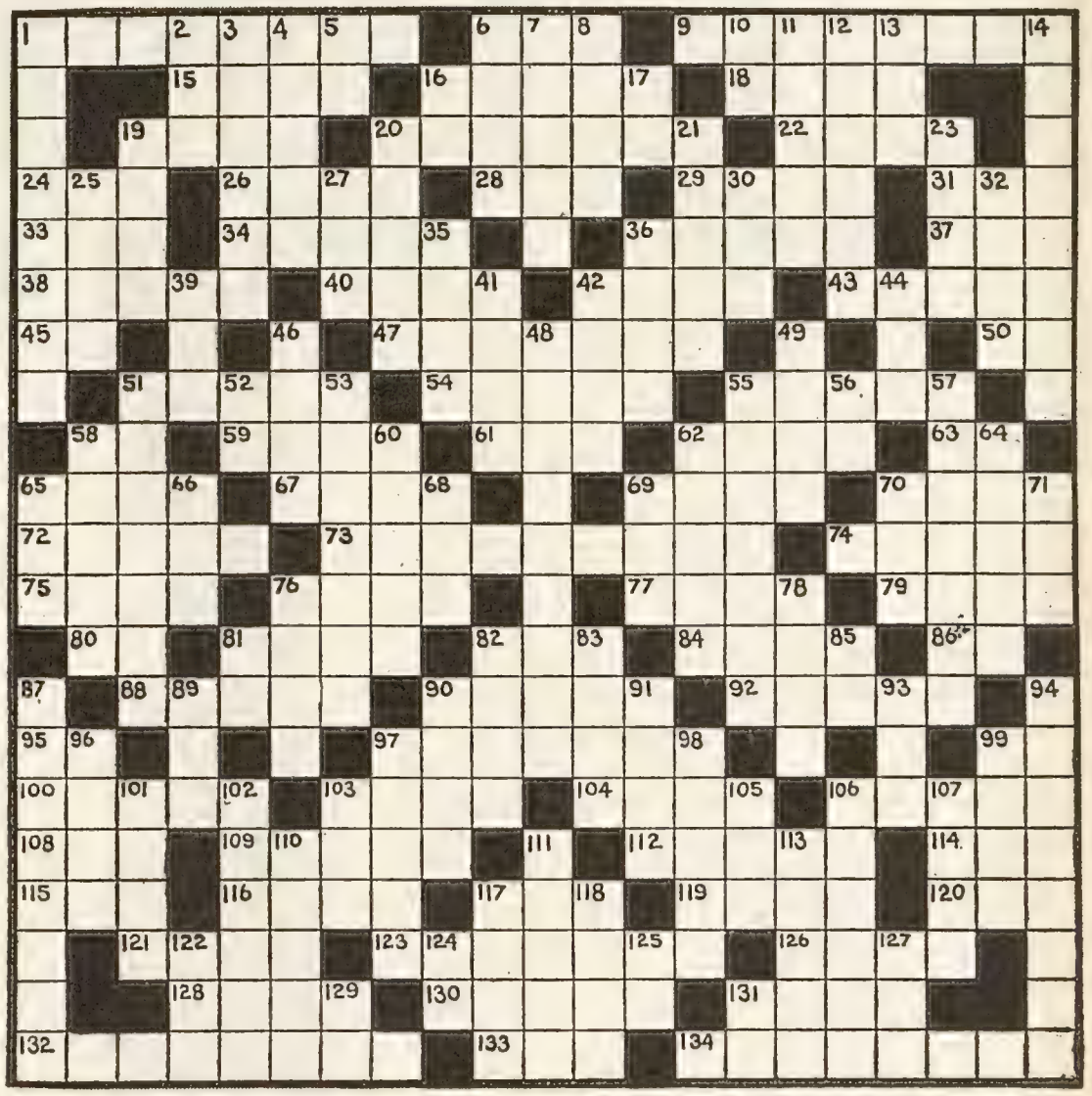

Polishes


Fans

Hamilton Beach *Home Motor*

Liberty's Cross-Word Puzzle---No. 6

Keep your answers until next week and check them up with the answer in Liberty. Don't send them in to us.

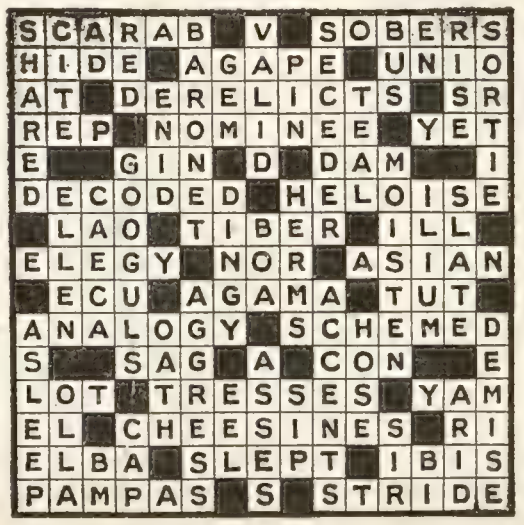


VERTICAL

1 Possessing aptitude
2 Slight bow
3 Breathes noisily during sleep
4 Permit
5 Man's name (abbrev.)
6 A point of land
7 Appropriately
8 The church bell's call
10 A negative
11 Backs of necks
12 Destroy by disintegration
13 Venomous snake
14 Having toothed margin
16 A title in freemasonry (init.)
17 Prefix meaning "twice"
19 Metallic element
20 Goddess of harvests
21 Nasal openings
23 Repose
25 Indefinite period
27 Latin prefix meaning "through"
30 Pale
32 To tear
35 Transgressions
36 Makes a mistake
39 Grand Army of the Republic (init.)
41 Short slumbers
42 Moistens
44 To fasten
46 Base
48 Command permitting infantry to break step
49 Imitates
51 Arouses
52 A preposition
53 Immersion (obsolete]
55 Member of an army
56 Exits
57 Plaintive poems
58 Suave
60 Imbibes by mouth action
62 Eastern Asiatic weight
64 Wind instruments
65 An epoch
66 A long-bodied fish
68 Before
69 Greek letter for "Ph."
70 Papa
71 Powerful explosive
76 Sketched
78 Was in debt
81 Suffix forming nouns denoting a person
82 Human appendages
83 A soft mineral
85 Northeastern district of U. S. (init.)
87 Changed to contrary position
89 Frozen dessert
90 A strong wind
91 Kind of duck
93 To cut off
94 Hesitated
96 Part of the foot
97 Begot
98 Clever
99 A bog
101 Gratuitous
102 Musical composition
103 Unit of electrical resistance
105 Girl's name
106 To seek to attain
107 To be boisterous
110 A cock fattened for eating
111 Long-eared quadrupeds
113 To bar by estopel
117 Small island
118 Simple
122 A grain
124 A noun suffix occurring in names
125 Eastern state (abbrev.)
127 A pasture
129 Prefix to Irish names
131 Personal pronoun

HORIZONTAL

1 Carry through
6 Article of clothing
9 Rendered less brittle
15 Alone in its class
16 Yawned
18 Implements for propelling a boat
19 Image of a divinity
20 Military leader
22 Head of Roman Catholic church
24 Organ of hearing
26 Large, stout cord
28 Measure of cloth
29 Filled with reverence
31 Branch of learning
33 Prefix meaning "recent"
34 Jugs
36 Wipe out
37 Body of salt water
38 Instruments for handling hot coal
40 Part of harness
42 Small bird
43 Exhausted
45 Half the width of an em
47 Those who ensnare
50 Prefix indicating "separation"
51 Implement for sweeping
54 Marks
55 Backbone
58 Exist
59 Enemies
61 Generic name of pigs
62 Digits of the foot
63 Behold
65 Otherwise
67 Faithful
69 Chums
70 Obligation
72 Values
73 Shrieked
74 Vehicle
75 West Indian shrub, a source of indigo
76 Embankment to prevent floods
77 Connection with "ilium" (combining form)
79 Course of living
80 Physician (abbrev.)
81 God of love
82 Siamese coin
84 Fastened by stitches
86 East Side (abbrev.)
88 A singing mermaid
90 Of much size
92 Moving picture film divisions
95 Nova Scotia (abbrev.)
97 Specimens
99 Mother
100 Indications of preference by ballot
103 Unctuous liquids
104 Arrived
106 A month
108 A high priest of Israel
109 Iron ore used for pigment
112 Washes
114 Branch of learning
115 A fabric
116 Appellation
117 Distinctive theory (suffix)
119 Kind of file
120 Born
121 Cleansing agent
123 To divide into parts
126 To charge with a lance
128 Indivisible particle
130 Watchful
131 Had on
132 Space between objects
133 Suffix meaning "pertaining to"
134 Reiterated



Answer to Last Week's Puzzle

Anything *But the* Truth

Seventh Installment of a Thrilling Serial of Love, Astounding Crime, and Mystery

By CAROLYN WELLS

Pictures by ROBERT G. JONES

Thorne brought a chair, and, stepping up on it, ran his hand cautiously over the inside of the top.

Who's Who in the Story.

AUSTIN ELDRIDGE—A financier and man of secrets and many enemies. He is found murdered, in broad daylight, on his own front porch, a carving knife in his breast.

LORRAINE ELDRIDGE—His lovely adopted daughter. She is suspected by the police of having murdered both her father by adoption and

LENNOX, the Eldridge butler.

PETER THORNE—A self-made detective, who believes Lorraine to be guiltless.

CROSBY—A prominent and ruthless lawyer, long associated with Eldridge.

GRANT MAXWELL—Lorraine's fiancé, and upholder of her innocence.

MRS. MAXWELL—Grant's mother, who is violently opposed to his marrying Lorraine. Thorne thinks Mrs. Maxwell may be the real murderer of Lennox.

SARAH and LOUIS MERSEREAU—Eldridge's sister and brother-in-law.

STILES—A police detective, convinced of Lorraine's guilt.

MILLIKEN—The cook and captain bold of the household.

ED MILES—A boy of seventeen, eager to help Thorne prove Lorraine's innocence and find the real criminal, or criminals.

CHAPTER XI. *(Continued)*

SISTER SARAH

"WE'VE got to delve deeper than we have yet," said Thorne, "before we solve this mystery. There are too many possible suspects, even too many probable ones. We must assume a big hatred of Austin Eldridge. It could not have been a disgruntled employé or a disappointed investor. Moreover, it must have been that man who passed the house, turned back, and repassed it.

"You see, Miss Eldridge was behind her father's high-backed chair, and no one else was directly in line of vision. That man could have stepped softly up on the veranda, accomplished his deadly purpose, and stepped down again without disturbing anyone."

"Ridiculous!" Sarah exclaimed.

"Now, see here, Thorne," Louis Mersereau drawled out in his lackadaisical way, "you make that sound fine, but you're trumping it up to get Lorraine off. Lord knows I don't want to pin it on Lorraine, and if you think that's as good a bluff to chuck as any, say so, and we'll all stand by it. But don't try to make us think you believe that yarn."

"But I do," Thorne asserted. "I hold that man is the only possible suspect."

"I don't want to think Lorry guilty, either," said Sarah Mersereau, slowly, "but I do want to find out who killed my brother, and also, I want his affairs settled up. As no papers have been found to prove that Lorraine was ever adopted by my brother and as no will has been discovered, I am the heir. I've been to see Mr. Crosby, and he tells me the matter can be settled up shortly, and I can go back to my home. I don't want this house; I shall sell it, and the New York house, too."

"Not too fast, Mrs. Mersereau," Thorne said, shaking his head slowly. "Crosby hasn't the say in these things. The law will step in, I fancy, and see about your inheritance and Miss Eldridge's position in the matter."

CHAPTER XII.

MRS. MAXWELL

IT was easier than Thorne had supposed to gain an audience with Mrs. Maxwell. When he reached her beautiful home, Maxwell Manor, he was resolved to put up a fight, if necessary, to gain admittance. But the man who opened the door and took his name, returned very shortly, to say Mrs. Maxwell would be down at once.

She came, trailing into the room where Thorne waited, her manner haughty but not scornful, indifferent but not repelling.

"I am glad you came, Mr. Thorne," she said, in her low, well modulated voice. "May I ask your errand, and afterward I will make some inquiries of you."

Peter Thorne was a little taken aback at this casual treatment of his appearance. He had expected her to be disturbed at his coming. But he had no time to waste, and so thought it best to come to the point at once.

"I came, Mrs. Maxwell, to ask you why you visited Mr. Eldridge's house at midnight, and secretly."

This shaft struck home. Clearly, it was not what she had looked for.

"I—I didn't——" she said, but her nervously working fingers and trembling lips belied her words.

"Yes, you did," contradicted Thorne, "and as you are a sensible, straight-thinking woman, you must know how futile it is to deny it. Would I speak of it if I did not know it to be a fact?"

"How do you know it?"

"You were seen—by the servants in the house next door."

"Oh, if you are going to accept the gossip

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FORTY-NINE]

of servants in preference to my word——"

"I am, Mrs. Maxwell, because they have no reason for falsifying, and you have. You went to search for some papers, did you not?"

"Yes," she returned, and her eyes blazed with anger. "Yes, I did, and I had a perfect right to."

"They were your own letters? Old letters?"

"That they were not! I never had any affair with Austin Eldridge, if that is what you are implying. I was not mixed up with Austin Eldridge in any way whatever. I had no dealings with him—romantic, financial, or any other sort."

"Then what papers were you hunting for?"

"That I shall not tell you. But I will say this much: I did not discover them. If you find them, I hope you will tell me."

"Do you mean his will? Are you a beneficiary?"

HE had hoped his question would take her by surprise. But she was wary.

"I don't know whether I am or not. If so, it would be only to the extent of a keepsake, or some memento of our friendship."

"You were friendly with Mr. Eldridge, then?"

"Oh, yes, we had been friends for years."

"And the papers you sought related to Mrs. Eldridge?"

"I have not said so."

"Well, Mrs. Maxwell, I think I may say you'll have to be a little more explicit. Breaking into a closed house at midnight——"

"You do not intimidate me, Mr. Thorne. If the police want to question me, they may do so. I am not afraid of them."

Peter Thorne concluded that this woman was not afraid of anybody, so he tried another tack.

"What do you know of the death of Lennox, the butler?" he asked suddenly.

This told. Mrs. Maxwell gave a shudder, and clasped her hands tightly together.

"Don't ask me anything about *that*," she said, speaking in a mere whisper. Her black eyes peered out from a face distorted with anger.

"I must," Thorne followed up his advantage. "And you must tell. Did you kill him? In self-defense? Did he attack you? Or threaten you?"

He fired these questions at her rapidly in an endeavor to break down what small remnant of her calm remained. But, to his surprise his words seemed to restore her equanimity.

"*I* kill him!" she exclaimed in utter amazement. "Mercy, no! Why would I kill Lennox?"

She looked genuinely amazed.

"Who did kill him?" he asked abruptly. She gave no answer.

"You know who did?" he added more gently.

"N—no." She shook her head, but Thorne knew she lied.

"Well," he said, "then tell me the circumstances. You went there to look for some papers, which you were justified in searching for, but didn't want the family to know about. That right?"

"Yes," she admitted.

"And then, knowing they were most likely up in Mr. Eldridge's bedroom, you went up there to look for them, and you carried a flashlight. Right again?"

"Yes." She spoke warily.

"And you didn't succeed in finding them?"

"No."

"You're going to look again?"

"No, never!" Her tone was so suggestive of horror that Thorne readily assumed it was because of the connection of ideas between the midnight visit and the sight of the dead butler. For he now believed that Mrs. Maxwell was not responsible for that crime, but that she doubtless knew who was.

"No, of course not," he said soothingly. "You have too dreadful a recollection of——"

He paused, and she fell into the trap.

"Yes—yes. Oh, it was awful—poor Lennox, his staring eyes——"

Thorne tried to work quickly.

"Yes, and the murderer escaping——"

"Yes"— Her great eyes met his and perhaps a gleam of triumph on Thorne's face recalled her to her senses. "No," she cried, "not the murderer—of course I didn't see him—the victim—Lennox, you know——"

"Yes, but who did it? Who stabbed him with that paper cutter?"

"I've not the slightest idea." She was her own mistress again.

"Why did you go to the library just then?"

"Because I hadn't found the papers upstairs and thought I'd look about in the library."

"And Lennox lay there, dead, on the floor?"

"Yes."

"And no one else was about? The murderer had fled?"

"I saw no one."

"Why did you think there were papers hidden in his bedroom?" he asked in a conversational tone.

"Because he had once told me of a cleverly concealed wall safe he had had constructed. I gathered it was in his bedroom. I only looked about, to see if I could run across such a hiding place."

"And you did not?"

"Of course I did not. I have told you my search was unsuccessful."

Thorne couldn't see his way clear to get anything more out of her. He was sure she had seen and recognized the slayer of Lennox, either during or just before the

fatal moment, but he was sure she would not divulge that secret, at present.

He hoped to be able to compel her to do so later on, but now it was hopeless.

So he thanked her for the interview, told her that if he discovered any papers he thought would interest her he would let her know, and went away.

He walked slowly back to the inn, reaching it about dinner time. But he did not linger there; there was work to be done, and at once. He, Thorne, must find the hiding place before anybody else could do so. He had no doubt that if such a place existed—and this now seemed certain — Lorraine's adoption papers, and perhaps the will, would be in it.

AT the Eldridge home he found Lorraine and Grant Maxwell on the porch.

"Look here, my children," he said, "I've a notion that you two saw someone coming out of this house as you came in, the night Lennox was killed."

Neither spoke, but it was plain to him that they got his meaning and all it implied.

"Well, you needn't answer. But I just want you to know that it was Mrs. Maxwell, and that she was here on no business of wrongdoing, and is, of course, innocent of any implication in the death of the butler. She did see his dead body, and it so unnerved her that she made a stealthy and hurried escape."

"Oh, Mr. Thorne, how kind of you to tell us," cried Lorraine, her eyes full of tears. "I've been so worried and anxious about it, and I've never mentioned it to Grant——"

"Well, you needn't avoid the subject any longer. Where's Milliken? Please send her to me in the library."

Thorne went on into the house, and straight to the library. One glance around the room caused him to set his lips firmly and frown deeply.

"Here I am, sir, whatcha want?" And Milliken's gaunt form appeared. She entered and closed the door.

"Have you been in this room this morning, Milliken?"

"No, sir, not till this minute as ever was. Why?"

"Who dusted and tidied up?"

"Essie, sir. It's her business. Why?"

"Would she touch that paperweight? That snowstorm one?"

"She would not. She's under your strict orders not to. Likewise that I am."

"Yes. And who of the family has been in here this morning?"

"Not one, sir."

"Don't ask me anything about that," she said. "I must." Thorne followed up his advantage. "And you must tell."

"Then, Milliken, someone was in here during the night. I left that paperweight fixed so that I could tell if it had been touched. When I left it I noticed it very carefully. There were three tiny flecks of snow on the sail of the boat, and a high little pile on the summit of the lighthouse. Now, as you see, there is one large flake on the sail, and the top of the lighthouse is absolutely bare. It was a trap, and somebody has fallen into it. Somebody turned that toy over in the night, to watch it snow. Who would do it, Milliken?"

"NOW, you know well, Mr. Thorne, there's but one person ever comes into this room, barrin' myself, that would bother with the thing. Only one who is fair crazy about it, and can't resist playing with it. And I swear, sir, that I didn't touch it last night or this morning."

A glance of intelligence passed between the two, and then Thorne said slowly, "It must have been Crosby, then."

"Yes, sir, that it must. The sneakin' vilyun, to come here unknownst and slylike! What, now, would he be after? Just to be a-playin' with the glass bauble?"

Thorne smiled. "No, Milliken, he came for bigger game than that. He came to search for a hiding place for papers."

"Which, as Mr. Eldridge's attorney, he has a perfect right to do," exclaimed Louis Mersereau, who had opened the door and walked in as Thorne made his statement. "Besides, he has the key to that secret place, but he can't find the place itself."

Thorne hid his interest in the fact that Crosby had the key, but he was more than ever determined that he would be the one to find the keyhole.

Taking no notice of Mersereau, he went upstairs to Austin Eldridge's bedroom and vowed to himself that he would not leave it until he had forced it to give up its secret.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE KEYHOLE

AS Thorne's gaze roamed meditatively around the bedroom of the late Austin Eldridge, his thoughts were tumbling over one another in a chaos of uncertainty. He knew that the hiding place was in the room, yet he was unable to find it. Of course, he had long since looked through all the drawers and cupboards, the closets and wardrobes, every available nook and cranny of the bedroom and its adjoining bathroom.

He summed up in his mind. First of all, of course, he must find a murderer for Austin Eldridge. Then he must find a murderer for Lennox. Next he must find the will—if one existed. And, finally, he must discover the papers that would make Lorraine the legal daughter of her father by adoption.

Lorraine. His memory lingered fondly on the picture of the girl he loved. Yes, loved, though he knew it was not only hopeless but impossible. He had no right to think of marrying any woman, least of all Lorraine Eldridge. The dark secret of his life stood like

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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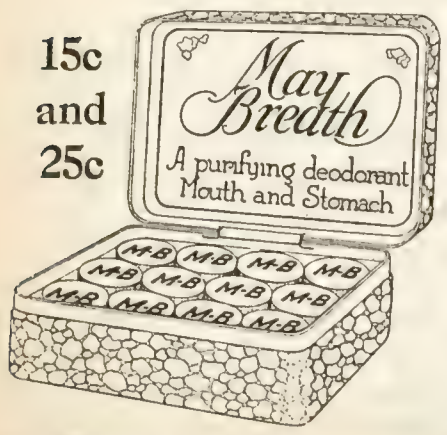

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-ONE]

an angel with a flaming sword between him and any happiness of romance. Almost he regretted his early vow, his later keeping of it, and his enforced renunciation of all that goes to make up the happiness of man. Yet he had chosen, and he must abide by his choice.

Lorraine. Dear, sweet, wistful-eyed Lorraine. Yet she was happy with Grant Maxwell, and all they wanted was his mother's sanction to their union.

This Thorne proposed to get for them.

OF late he had begun to look on Crosby with distrust. At first he had thought the lawyer not only a friend but a safe and sane adviser of his rich client.

Recently he had come to wonder whether Crosby were not as crooked as Eldridge himself had been.

And now, having heard from Louis Mersereau that Crosby had the key to the hiding place they were both seeking, Thorne was more than ever determined that he would be the one to find the keyhole.

And, whether because of this indomitable purpose or whether by mere chance, his eye suddenly alighted on a certain place that made him start and sit upright.

It was an inclosed space above a built-in wardrobe. Probably the cupboard was open inside clear up to the ceiling; but if it were not there was a possibility to be investigated.

He sat a moment gazing in absorbed silence.

The wardrobe was built of paneled wood, and there was a deep drawer at the bottom and doors above it. But the doors did not run up to the ceiling. There was a panel above them which occupied about a foot of the height of the wardrobe's front.

In all probability, Thorne thought, the paneled space was open inside, above the top shelf. But, if it were not, there was an available space for storage.

Slowly he rose and walked toward the wardrobe. He made sure the room door was locked, and then opened the wardrobe door. A first glance seemed to show that the top space was open above the top shelf. But was it? There didn't seem to be quite so much height inside as outside.

Thorne brought a chair and, stepping up on it, ran his hand cautiously over the inside of the top.

And, as he had scarcely dared hope, there was a hollow sound when he knocked on it, not the sound of a solid top.

Slowly and meticulously he felt all over the surface he was exploring, and at last was rewarded by the feel of a tiny metal disc in one of the front corners. This, he

[CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE]

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[CONTINUED FROM PAGE FIFTY-TWO]

proved to his satisfaction, was the slot for a tiny corrugated key.

And Crosby had the key!

What would happen when the key was turned?

CAREFUL feeling seemed to show a crack along the whole length of the top. This crack was about in the middle. Thorne concluded that when the place was unlocked the front half would fall down on hinges and the back half of the long shelf would be the hiding place Austin Eldridge had so cleverly contrived.

It was most ingenious. The neatness of the work precluded any suspicion of its presence there. The crack along the wood was so fine as to be practically indiscernible, or, if noticed, it would be taken for a mere seam in the top boards. The tiny keyhole was far to the front and in the very corner, so that it, too, was unnoticeable, almost unfindable.

Yet, there it all was. The secret hiding place was a secret no longer, though as inaccessible as ever to Peter Thorne until he could get possession of the key.

Yet, there must be another key. He knew that with any fine lock the owner is almost invariably given two keys.

However, he had small hope of finding the second key. Eldridge had without doubt hidden that securely or, more likely, thrown it away.

So his next job was to get the key from Crosby.

Not for a moment did he doubt that Crosby had it in his possession. Louis Mersereau was of the sort who blurt out secrets confided to them, and his statement that Crosby had the key was, in all likelihood, true.

At first, Thorne thought of getting the key by the help of the police.

Then he concluded that, if possible, he would much prefer to see those papers himself first. Should they be of service to Lorraine, he wanted to be the one to offer her that service. And should they be adverse to her interests—well, he wouldn't decide now what he might do in that case.

He carefully reclosed the wardrobe door, set a chair casually in front of it and prepared to leave. To be sure, there was small chance that the secret he had discovered would be found by any other searcher, but Crosby was almost as indefatigable as himself, and he meant to work rapidly now.

As a means of ascertaining whether Crosby entered the room or not, he went down to the library and brought up the snow storm paper weight. So long as the lawyer did not catch on, this was a perfect trap, for the man could not see the bauble without turning it over and watching the miniature snow flurry.

And, by carefully noting the position of the motionless flakes, Thorne could readily ascertain if it had been touched.

This time he saw there were two flakes on the sail of the boat, three in a straight row on the lighthouse front, and a queer shaped little pile on the cottage. Any further snow storm would leave a different arrangement, and, jotting it down on a page of his pocket notebook, Thorne left the room.

He went to the police station to have a talk with Stiles.

That worthy had done little or nothing of importance on the case, and was secretly glad to see Thorne, but he put up a bold front of achievements and condescendingly asked the detective what he had accomplished since last they met.

"Not much as to the murderer," Thorne confessed.

"You'll find," said Stiles, "that the murder was done by a member of the household—by someone who could walk up to Austin Eldridge without exciting his surprise or annoyance—in a word, somebody he knew—and knew well."

"Meaning?"

"Miss Eldridge, of course. Now, I know you won't agree, simply because she's a beautiful young girl."

"You're wrong in your assumption of her guilt, Stiles," Thorne said quietly. "But, since you feel as you do about it, I shall try harder than ever to prove her innocence, and the only way to do that——"

"The only way to do that," Stiles interrupted him, "is to produce the real murderer."

"Yes," said Thorne; "that's what I was going to say."

"Go to it, then," Stiles told him, "and get busy mighty quick, for it can't be long now before an arrest must be made of—somebody."

AFTER a little desultory talk, Thorne suddenly grew confidential. "Tell me this, old man: What do you know of Crosby? As to his integrity, I mean."

"Oh, that's a trifle of character that Mr. Crosby doesn't possess."

"Whew! That's strong talk!"

"True talk, though. He may have a spurious article to parade upon occasion, but the real thing is lacking from his makeup. This is between us, but I'm trusting you, Mr. Thorne."

"You may. But I thought Crosby stood for progress and righteousness and——"

"He stands for those things, but he isn't 'em. No, sir. I've small use for Lawyer Crosby, and I dare say he has still less for me. Why, if he'd had a look-in of a chance, I'd suspect him of that murder in one minute! But he was over at the Inn at the time. You saw him there?"

"Yes; that is, I saw him at the dinner table. Mrs. Miles introduced us. I was a newcomer then."

"I know. Well, he was there from half-past twelve or so on. And we know Eldridge was killed at just about one o'clock because they have lunch at one there. So, that let's Crosby out. But what do you want to know about him for?"

"Because I'm thinking of making friends with the Mammon of Unrighteousness."

"He's your man, then. If ever a description fitted, he's that very thing. He and Eldridge, they were two first class scoundrels, though they posed as philanthropists and benefactors. I hate to knock the dead, but this world's a heap better without Eldridge in it than with him. And Crosby's as bad as Eldridge was when he was alive."

When Thorne left Stiles, at last, he was greatly perturbed at the outlook.

Ed Miles joined him on the street, and they walked along together in silence.

"Say, Mr. Thorne," the boy said at last, "whatcha waitin' for? Ain't you just sure Mr. Eldridge was bumped off by that man they saw walking along the street—past the house and back, you know?"

"I know."

"Don't you think he was the murderer?"

"Yes, Ed, I do. Wish I could talk to you, my boy, but I'll have to ask you to skip it. Ed, my boy, I'm going on an errand."

"Where?"

"Don't be inquisitive—it isn't polite." And with a smiling nod, Thorne turned a corner and strode on, ahead of the boy.

Young Miles watched him as he went, saying to himself, "That man's up against it! I never saw him just like that before. Wonder where he's going. I'd oughta know."

And so Miles dogged the footsteps of the detective, furtively and unseen, until he perceived that he was going to the Crosby house.

Peter Thorne had made up his mind. After Stiles' wholesale denunciation of Crosby, he felt that his own suspicions of him were justified, and he was the sort who goes to meet trouble half way.

FOR trouble there was bound to be. So far, Crosby and Thorne had been outwardly friendly, but both knew of the undercurrent of ill feeling and were wary of the moment when it should break forth in actual enmity.

And now, to Thorne's mind, the moment had arrived. Whatever the result, he must have a plain talk with the lawyer.

He found him at home, and not outwardly, at least, unwilling to receive his visitor.

Thorne looked around in admiration at the beautiful room, at the end of which sat his host. It was part office and part library, but the details of furnishing and appointment were both luxurious and in perfect taste.

Crosby was at his desk, his expression cynical, hostile. He rose as Thorne approached, his demeanor changing swiftly to an assumed cordiality.

"Glad to see you, Mr. Thorne," he said. "Sit here. Have a cigar."

He gave Thorne a comfortable chair, drew a smoking stand up to his elbow, offered a box of cigars, and then established himself near by.

"Come to chat over the case, I take it?" And Crosby smiled. "Just where does it stand now?"

Thorne was wary. He had no desire to antagonize the lawyer, yet he could not bring himself to be chummy.

"In a precarious position," he answered, gravely. "Stiles has hinted, to me, that he is about to arrest Miss Lorraine Eldridge."

"Good Heavens! That won't do! We can't allow that, can we?"

Thorne looked up at him quickly. The words were all right, but Crosby's tone was peculiar. It sounded almost quizzical, as if he were mocking the detective and the police as well.

Then Thorne came to the point.

"Mr. Crosby, I want to discuss the matter of Lorraine's adoption papers."

"Of those I know no more than you do. I have given up all the knowledge of Mr. Eldridge's business affairs of which I am possessed. More I cannot do."

"Not quite all, Mr. Crosby. You have, I believe, a key to a secret hiding place in which the missing papers may be located."

The lawyer gave a start. "A key!" he repeated.

"Exactly—a key. A corrugated key."

Crosby looked at him, with a piercing, divining look.

"A corrugated key," he repeated. "Mr. Thorne, nobody except myself knew it was a corrugated key. Therefore, you have found the hiding place. You have discovered a corrugated lock."

Exultantly, he gazed at Thorne—a leering, triumphant gaze, as if, now, he would have everything his own way.

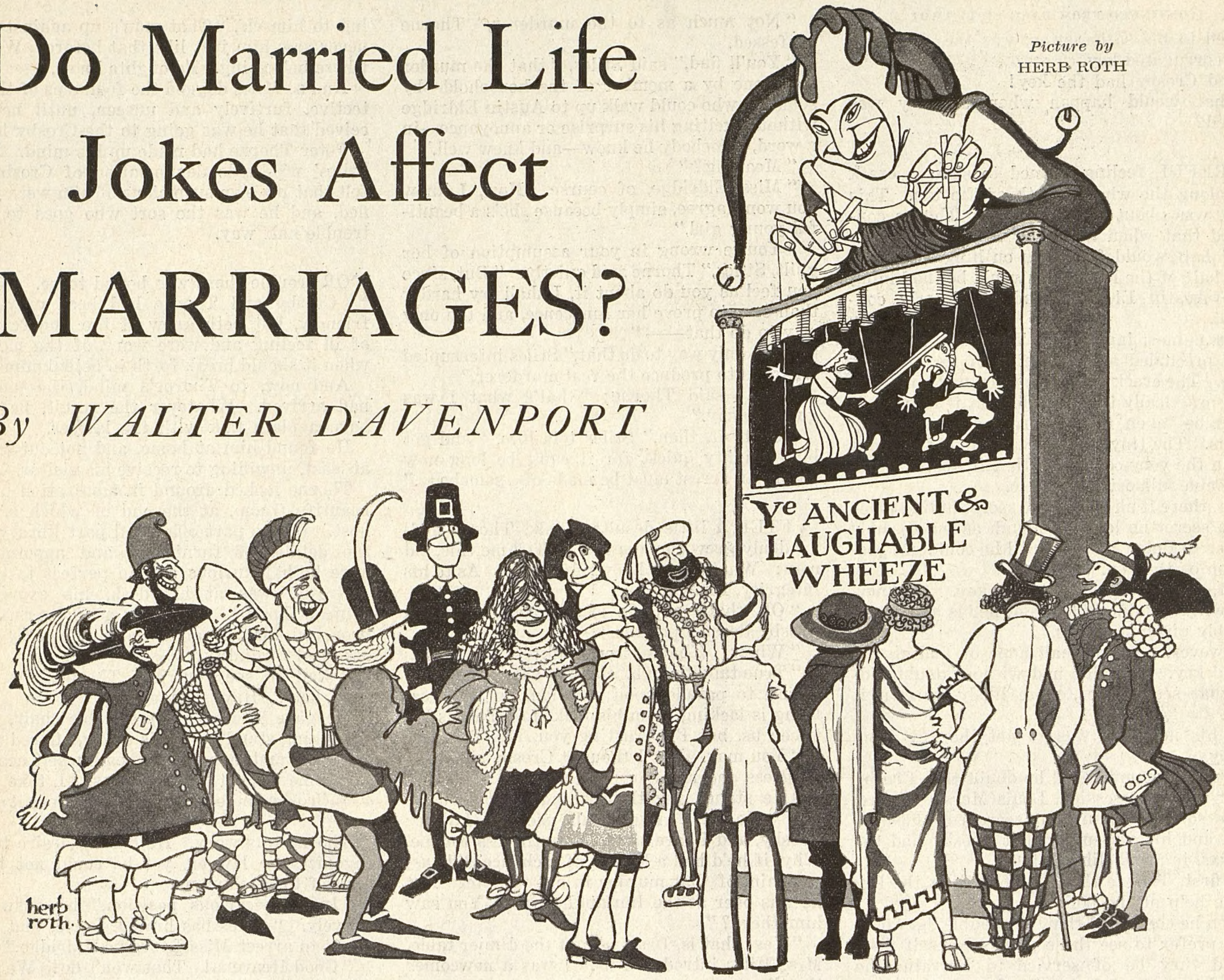
"Now, Mr. Thorne, where is that lock?"

This exciting episode in Carolyn Wells' latest and best mystery novel reaches an unexpected and astounding climax in next week's installment. An even greater thrill than this week is in store for you. Watch for it!

Do Married Life Jokes Affect MARRIAGES?

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Picture by
HERB ROTH



The most ancient of all jokes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.—Jonathan Swift.

Being a Faithful Quest for the Reason for the Celebrated Lines: "Who Was the Lady I Seen You with Last Night?" "That Wasn't No Lady; That Was My Wife"

LONG before our puissant thinkers took to hurling each other into rivers during acrimonious debates on the origin of the hen that laid the first egg, the married life joke was a laugh staple.

And not since Potiphar's wife began making the Egyptian audiences roar has there been a new version. Adam and Eve are good for a laugh on any stage in the world. What Xanthippe used to do to Socrates is free forage for every writer and speaker.

An overwhelming majority of the jocosities of all literature spring from the marital relation. Old John Heywood, who compiled the earliest known collection of English colloquialisms (in 1546), stole from somewhere the crack that "wedding is destiny and hanging likewise." Al Jolson, Will Rogers, Eddie Cantor, and Willie Collier are filling the theaters today with the stuff that John, like 'Omer, went and took.

Hogarth painted married life jokes. Christopher Columbus sprang them on his fearful crew when they would turn back to Spain.

"At least," cried Columbus to his men, "you're getting farther and farther from your wives every day. You can't have everything."

It was John Selden, or one of his contemporaries, who pulled the original of:

"Have you ever thought of getting married?"

"Yep. That's why I'm a bachelor."

And John was a popular author before his death in 1745, and there is no reason to believe he didn't steal his stuff.

The argument isn't strengthened by rattling more bones so we shall continue to the present and devote ourselves to the ancient question:

"Is marital discontent responsible for the joke or is the joke responsible for marital discontent?"

There is, to be sure, a very apparent reason why the most ancient of all jokes should be based upon married life. At the foundation of our social fabric is the collaboration of the sexes. The first thing the first male creature did upon beholding the first female was to grab her by the neck and call it a wedding. And naturally enough the world's laughter began almost simultaneously. And people have been laughing about it ever since.

Also, it's quite likely that the first husband said to the first bachelor he met, provided that this bachelor was on the verge of taking unto himself a wife:

"Well, far be it from me to advise you, but, as for me, I'd not take a million for the missus as she stands, but I'd not give a nickel for another."

IT was either Joe Miller or somebody quoting him to somebody he quoted who said that there were only seven jokes and that all others were derivatives. The married life joke is four of them—the wife, the mother-in-law, the children, and the home. There seems to be some difference of opinion about the others, which, roughly speaking, are the law, the weather, and nationality.

If you are a follower of the comics in the newspapers, a reader of the humorous magazines, a movie fan, or an addict to any printed medium of the wheeze, you will have noticed that the majority of the efforts to make you

laugh are based upon connubial dislocation.

The comic songs are largely written about the unsuccessful or the frustrated marriage or the joys of separation. My Wife's Gone to the Country, Hooray! Hooray!; I Can Dance With Every One Except My Wife; Waiting at the Church; I Love My Wife, But Oh! You Kid!; No Wedding Bells for Me! These are old ones, to be sure, but they are illustrative.

In the comic strips you have Mr. and Mrs. Mutt, Min and Andy Gump, Barney and Mrs. Google (The Sweet Woman), Jiggs and his Maggie, Vi (Briggs' Mamma Love Papa?), Toots and Casper, Mr. and Mrs. Aloysius P. McGinnis, Mr. and Mrs. Sappo, Cliff Sterrett's Polly family, and Gluyas Williams' married folks.

I have mentioned but a few. In the moving picture farces the husband-baiting wife and the husband who develops enough ingenuity to outwit his termagant mate are the most frequent plots, because they are easiest to stage and most sure of acceptance by audiences.

On the spoken stage, even in the opera—the Secret of Suzanne, for example—married life is drawn upon for much of the comedy.

And, to repeat, among the writers of humor, from Jonathan Swift to Douglas William Jerrold to Ring Lardner, the trials and tribulations of being married have caused hundreds of thousands to laugh and be merry.

I DO not profess to know how it can be done, and heaven rescue the man who tries it, but one day a great benefactor is going to set forth with fact and figure the answer to the question:

"Is marital discontent responsible for the joke or is the joke responsible for marital discontent?"

Of course, there are two answers to the chicken and the egg problem—one by the fundamentalists and the other by the scientific modernists. But neither science nor faith nor sentiment offer help to him who would answer the question we have just asked.

How many times have you heard the feeder member of a comedian pair ask his woebegone partner, apropos of nothing:

"Are you a married man?"

And the other, who looks as though he had spent the preceding night riding an avalanche, replies:

"No, the reason I look this way is because I have been sick."

And the theater, containing a fair percentage of wives and husbands, reverberates with rollicking laughter.

Clarke and Hawkins, that devilish duo, buck and wing to the center of the stage, sing a song about their cross-eyed, cross-grained wives, at the end of which Clarke, the straight man, upbraids Hawkins in this manner:

"See here! You ought to be ashamed of yourself acting the way you do. Any fellow that has a nice home like you have and a sweet little wife like you have and——"

"Say," yells Hawkins, "do you know my wife?"

"No."

"That's what I thought."

The woman who sat next to me in the theater in Milwaukee the night I heard that atrocity became helpless with mirth.

Her husband had to fan her with his derby hat.

Fortunately, no matter what they say about the marriage custom, they can't make it unpopular. One is given to think what, unless it is a sacred precept of cartoon humor, impels so many comic artists to the rolling pin, the crockery, and the wifely right to the jaw climax to their strips. And if these artists are simply obeying the laws of their trade, who decreed that no husband should make his exit without a black eye or a general physical collapse?

Despite the heartrending cries of battered brides day by day in the newspapers, the fact is that the vast majority of marriages are happy, or at least mutually tolerated. Of course, the comic artist obeys the laws of exaggeration to score his point, but it would be interesting to know how many of these draftsmen have actual background for the marital horrors they picture.

You can go to the marriage license bureau in any big town and on almost any day you can see men and women who verge upon hysterics over Tad's twists and twirls, storms and strifes, and balls and chains; but despite the fact that Tad's cartoons are filled with pessimism where married life is the topic, his vast audience rushes into it, chuckling over his latest wallop at the ancient institution and eager to see what the storm and strife will do to her henpecked mate tomorrow.

Then does the cartoon which jeers at marriage breed a disrespect or even a contempt for its obligations, exactions, and necessary sacrifices? Are the comic strip artists and the low comedians getting their stuff from their public or does their public, or that part of it which does not enjoy connubial felicity, catch the fever of discontent from the artists?

I do not presuppose that the effect of the comic strip's or the stage comedian's married life gags is great or lasting. I do not even assume that marital peace is affected at all.

While it is true that the majority of the readers of newspapers containing the comic strips are more consistently devoted to those features than to any other department of the sheets, it is also true that there are millions of men and women in the United States who don't read them at all, and the chances are that these are just as prone to connubial dissension as are the most ardent students of Tad, Fisher, De Beck, King, and Sidney Smith.

AND apropos of that: An actress married a male of the species, but left him forty-eight hours later. Nothing could induce her to return to him. She explained it thus:

"I made a great mistake, as women often will. I loved Ed and we got married. On the day after the wedding, while we were on our honeymoon, Ed and I stopped at a hotel for dinner. I stopped to fix my hair, and when I went into the dining room to join Ed what did I see?

"There sat Ed reading the sporting page. Did he put the paper down when I took my seat? He did not."

"But that seems like a trivial thing to separate over," remonstrated her friends.

"Trivial?" she cried. "Trivial? Say, do you think I want to be tied for life to a bookworm?"

THE END

BRIGHT SAYINGS *of* CHILDREN

This weekly will pay $5 for every published letter. Address Bright Sayings Editor, Liberty, Tribune Square, Chicago

Made a Special Trip

Four-year-old Joey lives next door. Sometimes he cries, but, fearing we'll call him a baby, he tells us it was Don, his older brother, we heard. One day Don went to his grandmother's, and during his absence we heard the usual crying.

"Who was that I heard crying a while ago?" I asked Joey.

"That was Don," he answered.

"But Don's out in the country," I reminded.

"Well," Joey explained, "he comed home to cry."—R. B. W., Terre Haute, Ind.

* * *

Off with Their Heads!

One day a neighbor telephoned to ask if Jennie might play with her tiny children on the lawn. Before Jennie went, she was told she must be careful of the wee ones. Jennie listened with dancing eyes, in great glee.

"Be sure you move about softly, darling," she was told, "so you won't tumble the babies over, or anything. You can pretend you are Alice in Wonderland, and play nice and quietly. Don't you remember what daddy read you last night about Alice?"

"O, yes," exclaimed Jennie. "Yes, I'll play that. And O, I'll be the duchess." Then, striking a dramatic attitude, she swung her dimpled arm and said savagely, "Off with their heads! Off with their heads!"—H. S., Invermere, B. C., Can.

* * *

And Why Not "Long-handled"?

Hazel was a great admirer of her Auntie Lou, and assiduously copied her airs and graces. If her little soul held aught of covetousness it was for the silks and laces, hats, and gloves worn by her idol. So, when Auntie Lou, with whom she was visiting, asked if there was any little souvenir of the trip her small niece would like, she was convulsed by the prompt reply: "Please, Auntie Lou, buy me some long-handled gloves like yours."—A. C. T., Seattle, Wash.

* * *

And That Squelched Him!

The teacher had patiently explained to a young class the difference between one-fourth and three-fourths; that four-fourths was all of anything, and all about fourths, until she thought it was understood perfectly, so then she asked:

"Bessie, which would you rather have, one-fourth of an apple or four-fourths of it?"

Bessie thought a moment and then decided she would take the one-fourth; but another pupil piped up and said he would prefer four-fourths, which would be all of it.

Bessie flashed him a scornful look and said, "Yes, but I didn't want to make a pig of myself and take all of it."—Mrs. A. F. G., San Diego, Calif.

* * *

Yes, But What Did the Boy Say?

Elsie, never having seen a colored person and being taken for the first time to a shoe-shining parlor where the bootblacks were all colored, had been cautioned not to make any untoward remark which might offend. To remain entirely silent, however, was asking too much. Finally, after obviously careful cogitation, her face brightened and she announced in the most kindly tone to the boy who was shining her shoes, "I think black is very becoming to you!"—H. D. P., Delmar, N. Y.

$500 for Last Lines to Limericks—See Page 53

Your skin need not fade and grow old as some inanimate substance would do. Each day it renews itself—each day old skin dies and new skin takes its place. Keep this new skin, as it forms, in healthy condition, and you will have through life "A Skin You Love to Touch."

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